PLANET
COMICS
No. 51
NOV.
10¢
Hunt Bowman battles the
MAD MUTE X-ADAPTS
in LOST WORLD!
ALSO SPACE RANGERS
MYSTA OF THE MOON
AND MANY OTHERS—

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

PLANET COMICS, No. 51, Nov., 1947. Published every other month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; J. F. Byrne, Mgr. Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter July 8, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1947, by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. $.90; Foreign $.90. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Advertising Director, Fiction House, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A.

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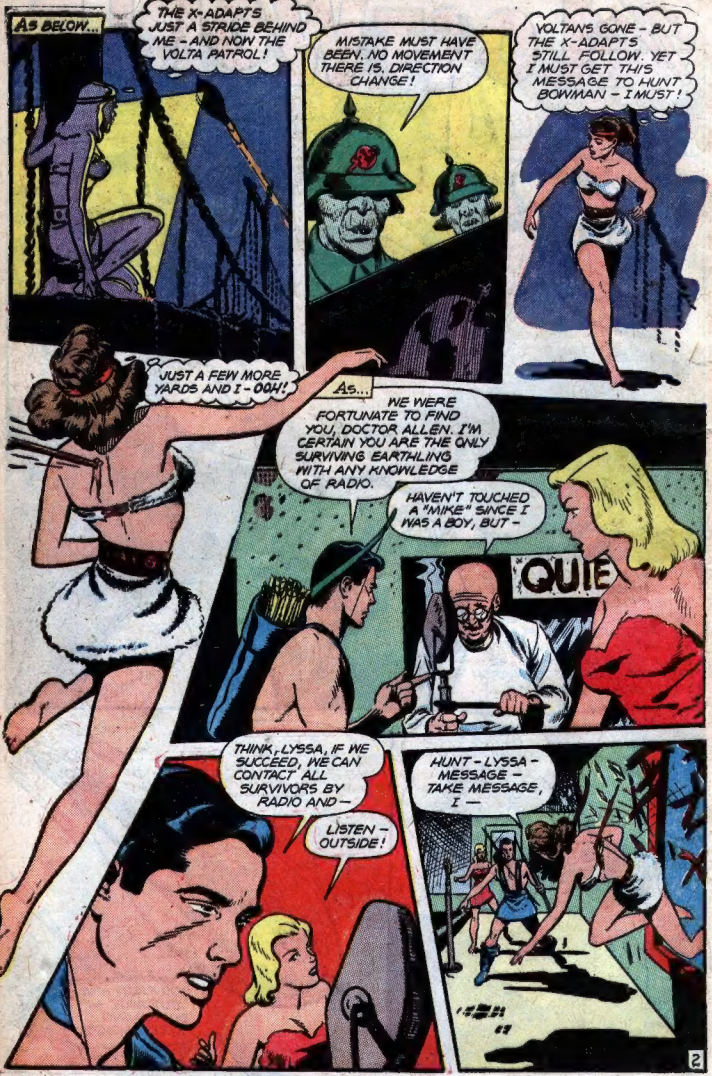
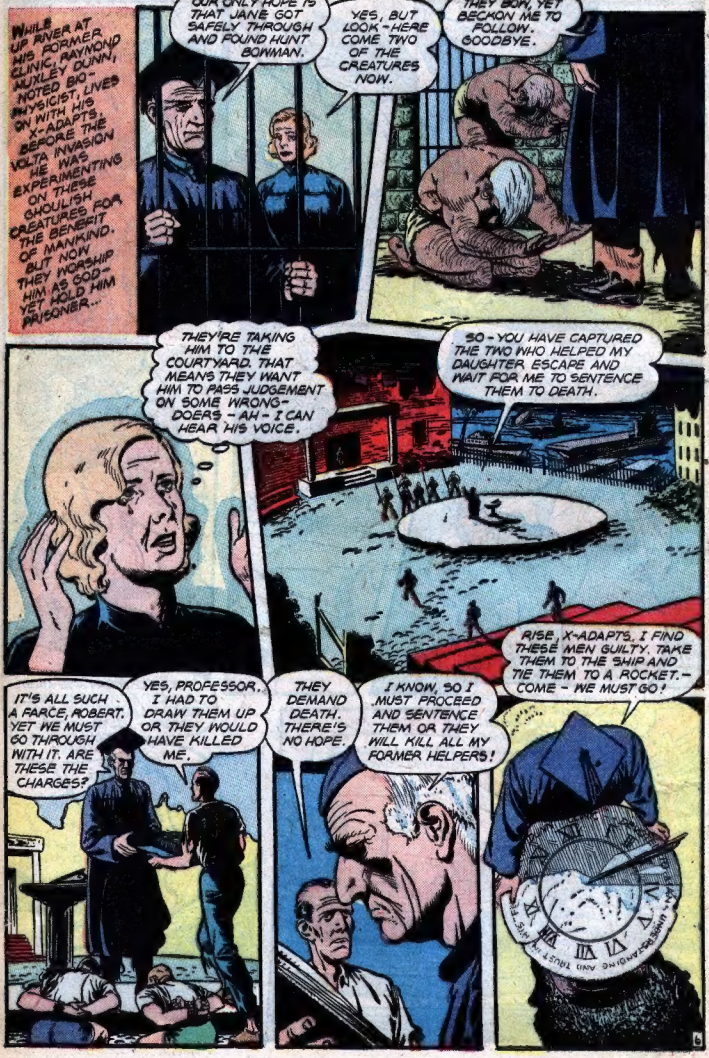
The LOST WORLD
by THORNECLIFF HERRICK
SAN FRANCISCO REDUCED TO SHAMBLES! ALL OTHER CITIES CRUMBLED, TOO, BEFORE THE CHAOS SPREAD BY THE CONQUERING PLANET, VOLTA! AND NOW IN 1977 IT RULES THE UNIVERSE, AS FROM HEADQUARTERS A HARSH VOICE BARKS AN ORDER...
PATROL SHIPS TO THIS LISTEN. ON NEW YORK CITY SHARP LOOKOUT KEEP. SIGNS OF LIFE DETECTED HAVE BEEN.
IF SO, IT NO DIFFERENCE MAKES. AT LEISURE, WE FIND AND CRUSH.
YOU RIGHT ARE — BUT WAIT — SOMETHING BELOW MOVES.


AS BELOW...
THE X- ADAPTS JUST A STRIDE BEHIND ME - AND NOW THE VOLTA PATROL!
MISTAKE MUST HAVE BEEN. NO MOVEMENT THERE IS. DIRECTION CHANGE!
VOLTAN'S GONE - BUT THE X-ADAPTS STILL FOLLOW. YET I MUST GET THIS MESSAGE TO HUNT BOWMAN - I MUST!
JUST A FEW MORE YARDS AND I - OOH!
AS...
WE WERE FORTUNATE TO FIND YOU, DOCTOR ALLEN. I'M CERTAIN YOU ARE THE ONLY SURVIVING EARTHLING WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE OF RADIO.
HAVEN'T TOUCHED A "MIKE" SINCE I WAS A BOY, BUT -
QUIE
THINK, LYSSA, IF WE SUCCEED, WE CAN CONTACT ALL SURVIVORS BY RADIO AND -
LISTEN - OUTSIDE!
HUNT - LYSSA - MESSAGE - TAKE MESSAGE, I -
2

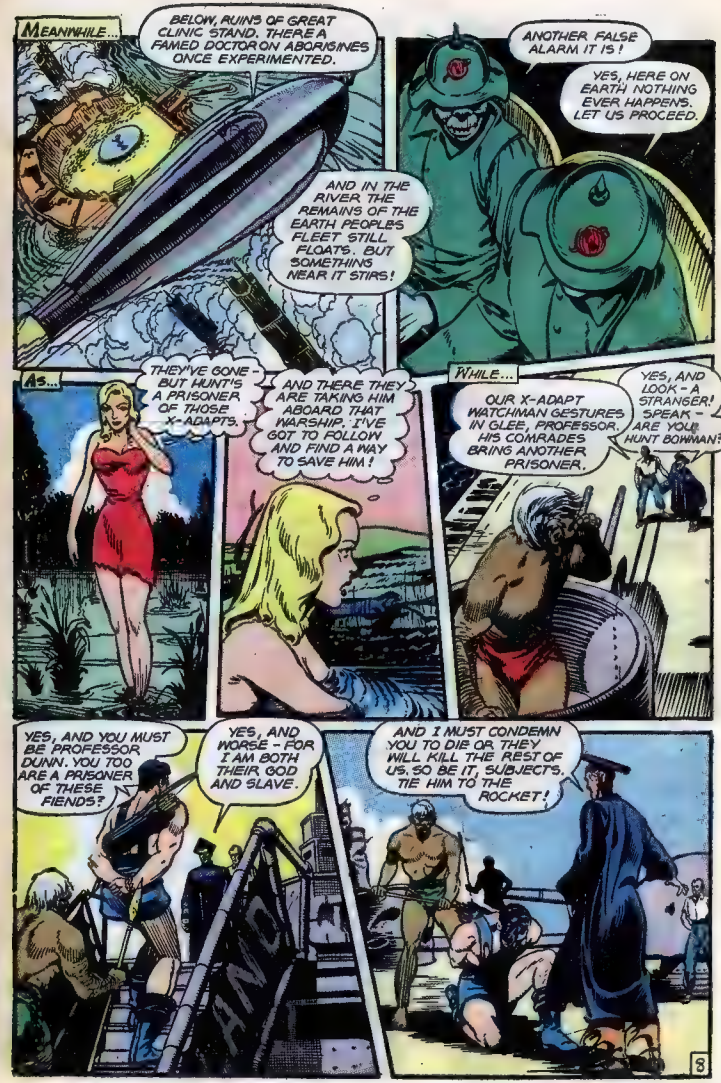
WATER, LYSSA! NO USE – SHE'S FINISHED – BUT WHO? THIS CRUDE ARROW COULDN'T BE A VOLTA WEAPON.
SHE'S CLUTCHING SOMETHING – A NOTE, IT MAY EXPLAIN.
HUNT BOWMAN: HELP ME – HELD CAPTIVE BY THE X-ADAPTS. SIGNED: R.H. DUNN.
R.H. DUNN? I KNOW OF HIM – A FAMOUS SCIENTIST, HE WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH PRIMITIVE CREATURES JUST ABOUT THE TIME OF THE VOLTA INVASION.
A SCIENTIST? THEN WE MUST RESCUE HIM FROM THESE X-ADAPTS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE.
YES, HUNT. WE NEED EVERY POSSIBLE SCIENTIST FOR OUR WAR AGAINST VOLTA!
AS OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, THE X-ADAPTS, MUTE MOCKERY OF A MAN – BEAST BLEND, CLOSE IN ON THE TRAIL OF THE PROFESSOR'S MESSENGER DAUGHTER...
...NOT REALIZING THEIR CRUDE WEAPON HAS STILLED HER FOREVER, THEY SEARCH – DIM BRAINS STRAINING TO FATHOM THE MYSTERIES OF THE ABANDONED STATION...
AS ABOVE...
SEE! DOG, BUT HOW HUGE IS! WE PERHAPS INVESTIGATE SHOULD?
NO! THIS PATROL GREAT BORE IS. ON THIS RUINED PLANET WHAT HAPPEN COULD?
3

AND AS THE VOLTA PATROL DRONED ON, HUNT EXAMINED THE SCRAP OF PAPER...
EARTHLINGS ARISE!!
LISTEN FOR MESSAGE EVERY DAY AT SIX.
Hunt Bowman
Helga me
held captive ap
by the X- adapter
R. Y. Dunn
LOOK HERE ON THE OTHER SIDE, HUNT. IT'S ONE OF OUR OLD MESSAGES WRITTEN OVER IN BLOOD.
YES, BUT THE LOCATION HAS BEEN TORN SO – THAT NOISE...
LOOK, HUNT, THOSE CREATURES, HORRIBLE – BUT NOT VOLTANS, PERHAPS THEY'RE FRIENDLY.
NO!
THEY'RE – THEY'RE SOME HIDEOUS FORM OF SEMI – HUMAN. BEHIND ME, LYSSA!
SUCH A CRAZED UNREASONABLE FURY – OOH!
THE PROFESSOR DEAD – THE PRIME INSTINCT OF THESE HORRORS IS TO KILL!
LYSSA RUN, I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF.

RANGE TOO CLOSE FOR ARROWS — ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE HIM.
LYSSA SCREAMING — CAN'T MISS — THERE!
HUNT — HUNT, DON'T KILL HIM. PLEASE, I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE BLOODSHED.
I WON'T — I JUST WANT TO SEE THIS TAG AROUND HIS NECK!
AN X-ADAPT! OUR CHANCE TO LOCATE PROFESSOR DUNN!
X-ADAPT THE SEVENTH IN A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS.
SOON...
BUT IS THIS CREATURE CAPABLE OF LEADING US TO HIM? AND WHAT OF TREACHERY?
PERSONAL SAFETY IS OF NO CONCERN NOW, LYSSA
YOU'RE RIGHT. WE MUST RISK IT FOR THE MUTUAL GOOD — LISTEN — SPACER MOTORS — VOLTA PATROL COMING THIS WAY.


WHILE UP RIVER AT HIS FORMER CLINIC, RAYMOND HUXLEY DUNN, NOTED BIO-PHYSICIST, LIVES ON WITH HIS X-ADAPTS, BEFORE THE VOLTA INVASION HE WAS EXPERIMENTING ON THESE GHOULISH CREATURES FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND. BUT NOW THEY WORSHIP HIM AS GOD— YET HOLD HIM PRISONER...
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT JANE GOT SAFELY THROUGH AND FOUND HUNT BOWMAN.
YES, BUT LOOK - HERE COME TWO OF THE CREATURES NOW.
THEY BOW, YET BECKON ME TO FOLLOW. GOODBYE.
THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO THE COURTYARD. THAT MEANS THEY WANT HIM TO PASS JUDGEMENT ON SOME WRONG-DOERS - AH - I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE.
SO - YOU HAVE CAPTURED THE TWO WHO HELPED MY DAUGHTER ESCAPE AND WAIT FOR ME TO SENTENCE THEM TO DEATH.
RISE, X-ADAPTS. I FIND THESE MEN GUILTY. TAKE THEM TO THE SHIP AND TIE THEM TO A ROCKET. - COME - WE MUST GO!
IT'S ALL SUCH A FARCE, ROBERT. YET WE MUST GO THROUGH WITH IT. ARE THESE THE CHARGES?
YES, PROFESSOR. I HAD TO DRAW THEM UP OR THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.
THEY DEMAND DEATH. THERE'S NO HOPE.
I KNOW, SO I MUST PROCEED AND SENTENCE THEM OR THEY WILL KILL ALL MY FORMER HELPERS!

AS...
WE MUST BE NEARING THE HIDEOUT - YOUR CAPTIVE ACTS STRANGELY.
THAT'S RIGHT. I'LL MAKE HIM POINT THE WAY. COME HERE, YOU!
SHOW US WHERE YOU LIVE - QUICKLY, OR I'LL MAKE YOU AS BLIND AS YOU ARE MUTE!
BUT ABOVE, A WATCHFUL X-ADAST SPIES THE APPROACHING CANOE, AND WITH STRANGE GAUNTS WARNS HIS FELLOW CREATURES.
AND...
SOFTLY, LYSSA, HE MOTIONS TOWARD SHORE - THAT TREE! LOOK OUT!
A TRAP! TOO MANY OF THEM. CAPSIZE THE BOAT!
YES - OUR ONLY CHANCE!
SWIM FOR IT, LYSSA - OHHH -
HUNT CAPTURED AND THE VOLTA PATROL DIRECTLY OVERHEAD - GOT TO DIVE AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!
7


MEANWHILE...
BELOW, RUINS OF GREAT CLINIC STAND. THERE A FAMED DOCTOR ON ABORIGINES ONCE EXPERIMENTED.
AND IN THE RIVER, THE REMAINS OF THE EARTH PEOPLES FLEET STILL FLOATS. BUT SOMETHING NEAR IT STIRS!
ANOTHER FALSE ALARM IT IS!
YES, HERE ON EARTH NOTHING EVER HAPPENS. LET US PROCEED.
AS...
THEY'VE GONE - BUT HUNT'S A PRISONER OF THOSE X-ADAPTS.
AND THERE THEY ARE TAKING HIM ABOARD THAT WARSHIP. I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW AND FIND A WAY TO SAVE HIM!
WHILE...
OUR X-ADAPT WATCHMAN GESTURES IN GLEE, PROFESSOR. HIS COMRADES BRING ANOTHER PRISONER.
YES, AND LOOK - A STRANGER! SPEAK - ARE YOU HUNT BOWMAN?
YES, AND YOU MUST BE PROFESSOR DUNN. YOU TOO ARE A PRISONER OF THESE FIENDS?
YES, AND WORSE - FOR I AM BOTH THEIR GOD AND SLAVE.
AND I MUST CONDEMN YOU TO DIE OR THEY WILL KILL THE REST OF US. SO BE IT, SUBJECTS. TIE HIM TO THE ROCKET!
8

THIS IS THE SHIP THEY BROUGHT HIM TO. I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
WHY - THEY'VE LASHED HIM TO A ROCKET. GOING TO SHOOT HIM INTO SPACE! THEY'RE SPEAKING NOW.
WHEN YOU DIE, BONYMAN, THEN DIES ORGANIZED RESISTANCE ON EARTH. THEN THE VOLTA MEN WILL RULE SUPREME.
I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO SAVE YOU - BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. AH, THE PROFESSOR CALLS.
MY COMRADE, A GIRL NAMED LYSSA, WILL CARRY ON MY FIGHT. BUT COME, KILL ME!
PREPARE TO DIE, FOR I MUST PULL THE RELEASE LEVER AND EXPEL THE TORTURE ROCKET. SO, YOU WANT TO DO IT!
CHARGE.
ROCKET
AS ABOVE...
DIALS SHOW FULL LOAD - IF THE AMMUNITION IS STILL ALIVE, THERE'S A CHANCE TO SAVE HIM!
LOOK, YOU DEVIL MEN! LOOK AT ME!
AH, THEY'VE HALTED THEIR OPERATIONS - IT'S MY CHANCE TO SHOOT!

THE GUN WORKS! THEY SCATTER AND FLEE UNDER THE HAIL OF BULLETS. AH, HUNT UNGUARDED –
MUST GET TO HIM AND CUT HIM FREE!
AND YOU, DEVIL, YOU WON'T STOP ME!
HUNT, I'M HERE – I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A SECOND. THERE – THAT DOES IT!
LOOK OUT, LYSSA! ONE BEHIND YOU RAISING HIS SPEAR! AH – THE PROFESSOR.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOWMAN – I'VE BEEN WAITING TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME!
HE'S YANKED THE ROCKET PLANE LEVER – HE'S LAUNCHED IT!
THANK HEAVENS THE MAN WHO WAS TIED BEHIND ME IS SAFE. THERE IT GOES!
AS ABOVE...
LOOK, COMRADE, OLD PLANE FROM SHIP LAUNCHED IS, IT – IT TOWARD US DARTS – IT US WILL HIT!
FRANTICALLY, THE VOLTA PILOT SWINGS HIS CONTROL WHEEL, BUT...
THE COLONY OF X-ADAPTS WIPED OUT, PLUS ONE VOLTA PATROL SHIP. A GOOD DAY'S WORK, HUNT BOWMAN!
YES, AND ALL CREDIT GOES TO LYSSA. BUT WE MUST GET TO WORK, PROFESSOR – AND MAKE OUR PLANS TO EXPEL THE VOLTA HORDE FROM EARTH.

LOST WORLD APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

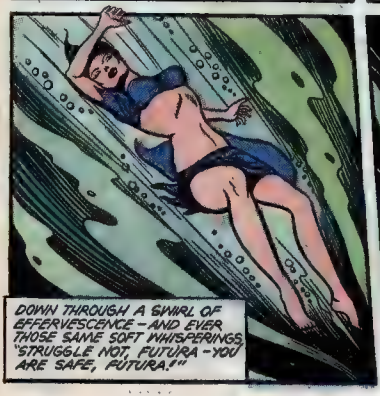
ESCAPED YOU HAVE FUTURA, FROM LORD MENTOR'S SIMMERING CAULDRON, WHERE BRAINS AND BODIES ARE FUSED TOGETHER FOR HIS PLAN OF **PROJECT SURVIVAL**. BRAVELY YOUR BODY BEAUTIFUL ELUDED THE SWAMP CREATURES THAT SOUGHT TO CRUSH IT....

FUTURA

BY JOHN DOUGLAS

BUT WHAT IS THIS THING THAT NOW LIFTS YOU GENTLY SKYWARD—FROM WHENCE COME THOSE SOFT WHISPERINGS CRYING, "COURAGE!"?

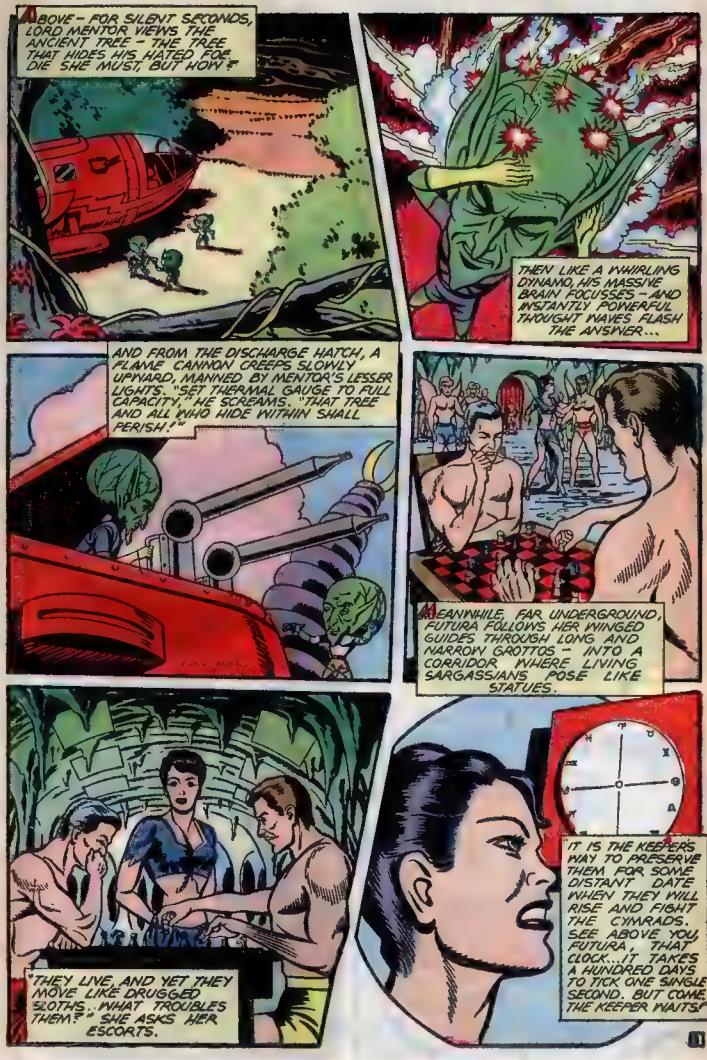
IT IS A LIVING TREE THAT HOLDS YOUR NOW LIMP BODY—THEN GRASPING BRANCHES SOFTLY OPEN—AND DOWN YOU PLUNGE...

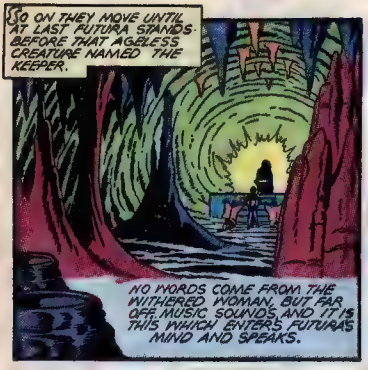


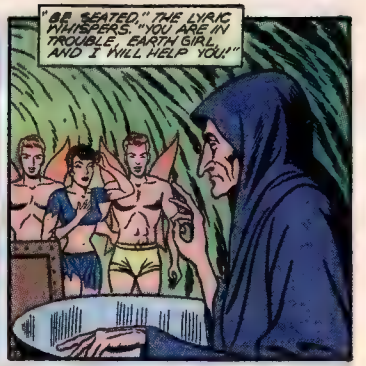
DOWN THROUGH A SWIRL OF EFFERVESCENCE—AND EVER THOSE SAME SOFT WHISPERINGS "STRUGGLE NOT, FUTURA—YOU ARE SAFE, FUTURA!"

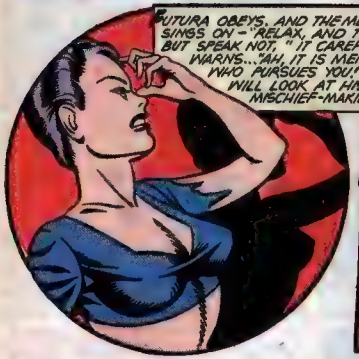
THEN FROM NOWHERE SPRINGS A SHAFT OF LIGHT, AND IN ITS PATH THE EARTH GIRL SEES THE WINGED CREATURES WHO SPOKE TO HER... BUT DO THEY GUIDE HER TO A GREATER DANGER?

WHILE ABOVE IN THE HOVERING SPACE SHIP, MENTOR'S MINIONS FEVERISHLY WORK TO REVIVE THEIR LORD AND LEADER FROM HIS NERVE-SHOCKED SLEEP. "AH, HE STIRS!"
HIS ANGRY EYES SCAN THE VIZO-PANEL. "THE SYNTHOS FROZEN IN MY X-DIM. BEAM — LAND AT ONCE!" HE SCREAMS. "FOR I MUST KILL THAT GIRL!"
AND SOON, TWO SYNTHOS CYMRADS GROVEL AT HIS FEET. "THE TREE, MASTER! IT IS THERE FUTURA HIDES BUT WHERE WE DO NOT KNOW!"
WHERE INDEED! FOR A FRIGHTENED FUTURA SUDDENLY FINDS HERSELF EMERGING ON THE CREST OF A FLUORESCENT FOUNTAIN, DEEP UNDER THE SWAMPLANDS.
AND THEN AS THE WINGED CREATURES LEAD HER TO A CRYSTAL CAVE, FUTURA WONDERS — "LIVING TREES — FLYING MEN — IS THIS ALL A DREAM?"
BUT SUDDENLY AN AGELESS VOICE DISPELS THAT THOUGHT — BOOMS FROM A NEARBY STALACTITE PILLAR — "AH, YOU HAVE DONE WELL — BRING HER TO THE KEEPER!"

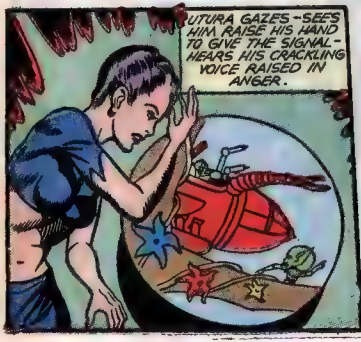

ABOVE – FOR SILENT SECONDS, LORD MENTOR VIEWS THE ANCIENT TREE – THE TREE THAT HIDES HIS HATED FOE. DIE SHE MUST, BUT HOW?
THEN LIKE A WHIRLING DYNAMO, HIS MASSIVE BRAIN FOCUSSES – AND INSTANTLY POWERFUL THOUGHT WAVES FLASH THE ANSWER...
AND FROM THE DISCHARGE HATCH, A FLAME CANNON CREEPS SLOWLY UPWARD, MANNED BY MENTOR'S LESSER LIGHTS. "SET THERMAL GAUGE TO FULL CAPACITY," HE SCREAMS. "THAT TREE AND ALL WHO HIDE WITHIN SHALL PERISH!"
MEANWHILE, FAR UNDERGROUND, FUTURA FOLLOWS HER WINGED GUIDES THROUGH LONG AND NARROW GROTTOS – INTO A CORRIDOR WHERE LIVING SARGASSIANS POSE LIKE STATUES.
"THEY LIVE, AND YET THEY MOVE LIKE DRUGGED SLOTHS.. WHAT TROUBLES THEM?" SHE ASKS HER ESCORTS.
"IT IS THE KEEPERS WAY TO PRESERVE THEM FOR SOME DISTANT DATE WHEN THEY WILL RISE AND FIGHT THE CYMRADS. SEE ABOVE YOU, FUTURA, THAT CLOCK.. IT TAKES A HUNDRED DAYS TO TICK ONE SINGLE SECOND. BUT COME. THE KEEPER WAITS!"

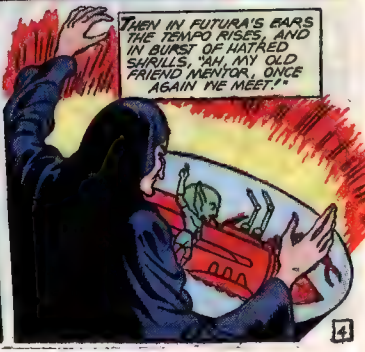

SO ON THEY MOVE UNTIL AT LAST FUTURA STANDS BEFORE THAT AGELESS CREATURE NAMED THE KEEPER.
NO WORDS COME FROM THE WITHERED WOMAN, BUT FAR OFF, MUSIC SOUNDS, AND IT IS THIS WHICH ENTERS FUTURA'S MIND AND SPEAKS.

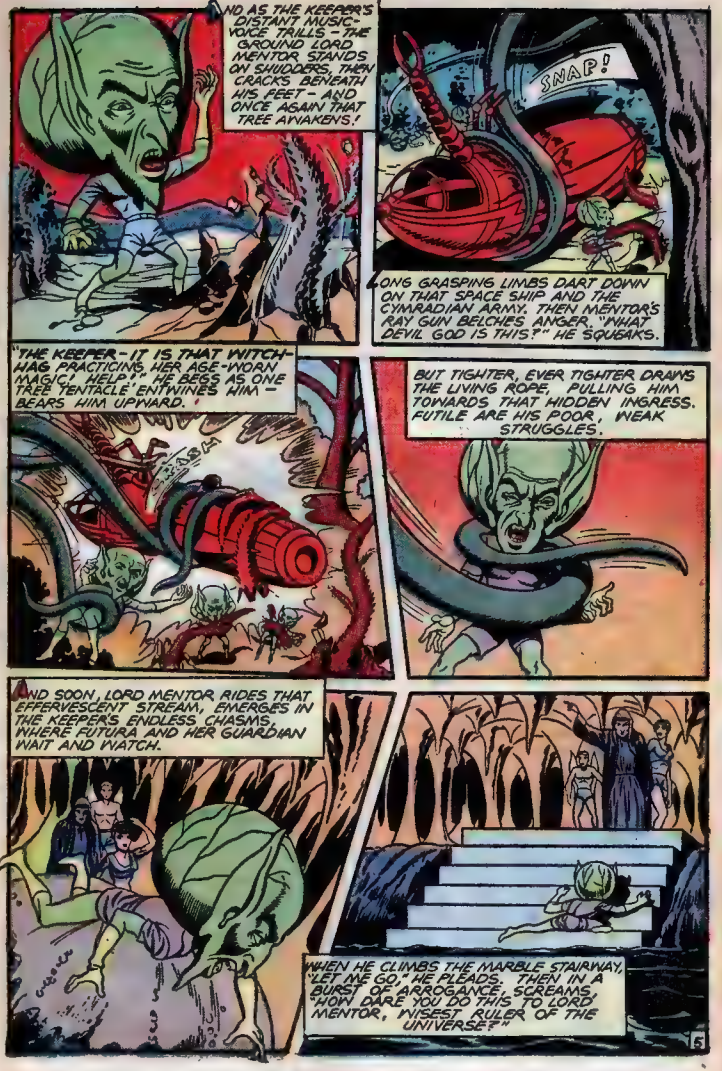

"BE SEATED," THE LYRIC WHISPERS. "YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, EARTH GIRL, AND I WILL HELP YOU!"

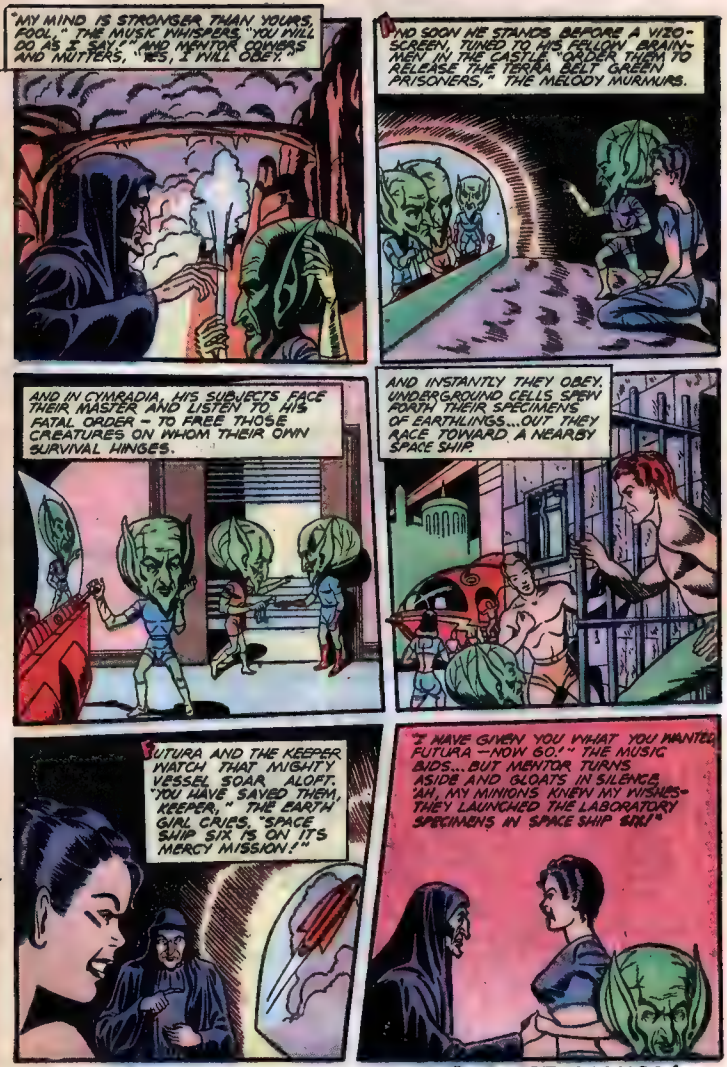

FUTURA OBEYS, AND THE MELODY SINGS ON - "RELAX, AND THINK, BUT SPEAK NOT, " IT CAREFULLY WARNS..."AH, IT IS MENTOR WHO PURSUES YOU! WE WILL LOOK AT HIS MISCHIEF-MAKING."

AND FROM THE TABLE TOP A SCENE ABOVE TAKES SHAPE. IT SHOWS MENTOR NEAR HIS GREAT FIRE - CANNON...


FUTURA GAZES - SEES HIM RAISE HIS HAND TO GIVE THE SIGNAL - HEARS HIS CRACKLING VOICE RAISED IN ANGER.


THEN IN FUTURA'S EARS THE TEMPO RISES, AND IN BURST OF HATRED SHRILLS, "AH, MY OLD FRIEND MENTOR, ONCE AGAIN WE MEET!"


AND AS THE KEEPER'S DISTANT MUSIC-VOICE TRILLS - THE GROUND LORD MENTOR STANDS ON SHUDDERS, THEN CRACKS BENEATH HIS FEET - AND ONCE AGAIN THAT TREE AWAKENS.
SNAP!
LONG GRASPING LIMBS DART DOWN ON THAT SPACE SHIP AND THE CYMRADIAN ARMY. THEN MENTOR'S RAY GUN BELCHES ANGER. "WHAT DEVIL GOD IS THIS?" HE SQUEAKS.
"THE KEEPER - IT IS THAT WITCH-HAG PRACTICING HER AGE-WORN MAGIC! HELP!" HE BEGS AS ONE TREE TENTACLE ENTWINES HIM - BEARS HIM UPWARD.
BUT TIGHTER, EVER TIGHTER DRAWS THE LIVING ROPE, PULLING HIM TOWARDS THAT HIDDEN INGRESS. FUTILE ARE HIS POOR, WEAK STRUGGLES.
AND SOON, LORD MENTOR RIDES THAT EFFERVESCENT STREAM, EMERGES IN THE KEEPER'S ENDLESS CHASMS WHERE FUTURA AND HER GUARDIAN WAIT AND WATCH.
WHEN HE CLIMBS THE MARBLE STAIRWAY, "LET ME GO," HE PLEADS. THEN IN A BURST OF ARROGANCE: SCREAMS, "HOW DARE YOU DO THIS TO LORD MENTOR, WISEST RULER OF THE UNIVERSE?"


"MY MIND IS STRONGER THAN YOURS, FOOL." THE MUSIC WHISPERS. "YOU WILL DO AS I SAY." AND MENTOR COWERS AND MUTTERS, "YES, I WILL OBEY."
AND SOON HE STANDS BEFORE A VIZO-SCREEN, TUNED TO HIS FELLOW BRAIN-MEN IN THE CASTLE. "ORDER THEM TO RELEASE THE TERRA BELT GREEN PRISONERS," THE MELODY MURMURS.
AND IN CYMRADIA, HIS SUBJECTS FACE THEIR MASTER AND LISTEN TO HIS FATAL ORDER - TO FREE THOSE CREATURES ON WHOM THEIR OWN SURVIVAL HINGES.
AND INSTANTLY THEY OBEY. UNDERGROUND CELLS SPEW FORTH THEIR SPECIMENS OF EARTHLINGS...OUT THEY RACE TOWARD A NEARBY SPACE SHIP.
FUTURA AND THE KEEPER WATCH THAT MIGHTY VESSEL SOAR ALOFT. "YOU HAVE SAVED THEM, KEEPER," THE EARTH GIRL CRIES. "SPACE SHIP SIX IS ON ITS MERCY MISSION!"
"I HAVE GIVEN YOU WHAT YOU WANTED, FUTURA —NOW GO." THE MUSIC BIDS...BUT MENTOR TURNS ASIDE AND GLOATS IN SILENCE. "AH, MY MINIONS KNEW MY WISHES— THEY LAUNCHED THE LABORATORY SPECIMENS IN SPACE SHIP SIX!"

FUTURA appears in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

Life on other Worlds

VENUS

VENUS, SCIENTISTS AGREE, IS MORE LIKELY TO POSSESS LIFE THAN MOST OTHER PLANETS. IT RECEIVES DOUBLE THE EARTH'S LIGHT AND HEAT, AND AN EXPLORER WOULD FIND ITS SWAMPS AND MARSHES FILLED WITH HUGE, BUT HARMLESS MONSTERS, NOT UNLIKE THOSE OF PREHISTORIC EARTH.

VENUS HAS RIGHTLY BEEN CALLED THE MYSTERY PLANET, ALTHOUGH IT IS EARTH'S NEAREST PLANET NEIGHBOR, OUR MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO PENETRATE THE THICKLY CONCENTRATED CLOUDS THAT SURROUND ITS SURFACE...

A MORE DEADLY FOE, THOUGH, WOULD BE THE SAVAGE, BARBARIC VENUSIANS WHOSE SUPER STRENGTH, COMING FROM THE SUN'S COSMIC RAYS, WOULD MAKE THEM A DANGEROUS ENEMY—

THE END

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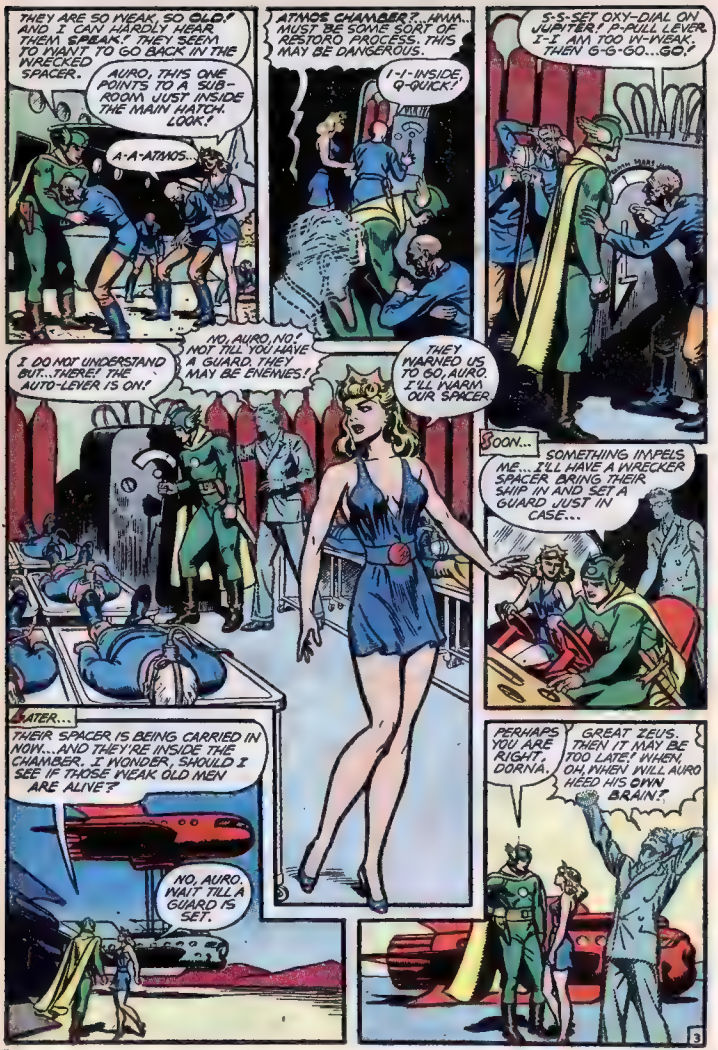
AURO LORD OF JUPITER

BY DICK CHARLES

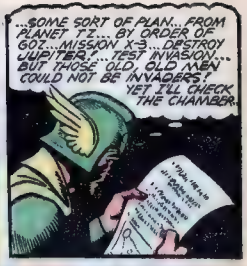
SUPER INVASION! INTRICATE MASTER PLAN FOR SPACE CONQUEST! HAD AURO, IN WHOSE SKULL LIVED THE EARTH BRAIN OF THE DEAD CHET EDSON, FOUND THE LATCHKEY TO LURKING DISASTER! BUT NOW, A CRY OF DISTRESS IN JUPITER'S ETHER LANES. A STRAY SPACER DIPS INSANELY. FRIGHT-MAD PASSENGERS CLUTCH DESPERATELY...
HURRY! HURRY!
IT'S NO USE. ESCAPE-HATCH LEVER LOCKED. WE'RE TRAPPED. WAIT! OUR CAPTAIN, YAR, CALLS FROM FORWARD FLO-CABIN... LISTEN!
STAND BY! SPACER ON CRASH GLIDE. TURB-CONTROLS JAMMED. MUST REPORT TO THE MASTER LEADER, GOZ, ON PLANET TZ.
YAR OF MISSION X-Z CALLING GOZ... GOZ... CONTROLS OUT...
CRASHING JUPITER-WILL COMPLETE MISSION IF POSSIBLE...GOZ... CAN YOU HEAR ME..?
BUT JUPITER! THE AIR...AIR..WE CANNOT LIVE!

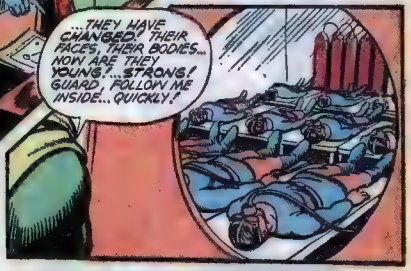
AURO, WHY MUST WE PATROL THIS DULL SECTOR ENDLESSLY? ALL HAS BEEN CALM FOR WEEKS.
PERHAPS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM, DORNA. EVER IS AURO ALERT.
BRAGGING AGAIN. BUT WHAT... THAT NOISE...
THE VIDEO...BUT THERE SHOULD BE NO ATO-SIGNAL ON THIS GRAPH TUNING. IT WOULD BE USED TO CALL THE DEAD PLANET "Z"... BUT NO ONE LIVES THERE...YET THE SIGNAL GOES THROUGH!
A SIGNAL FOR HELP! YET WHO DO THEY CALL? STILL THEY MUST BE SAVED!
GOZ... CALLING GOZ...
NOW DO YOU CALL THIS SECTOR DULL, DORNA? A CRASH GLIDE DIRECTLY BELOW US. QUICKLY, SET LOW JET BURSTS... CUT ALTO-LEVER... WE WILL LAND NEAR THOSE PLATO CLIFFS.
BUT WHO IS GOZ?
THE SPONGE ROCK IN THE PLATO SHOULD LESSEN THE CRASH SHOCK... WHAT AN ODD SPACER! BUT THEIR EARTH CHAMBERS LOOK UNDAMAGED. HURRY! CUT TAIL JETS!
IN TIME! THOSE PEOPLE AHEAD... THEY'RE ALIVE! BUT THEY'LL NEED HELP. COME, DORNA.
BUT... THE FACES IN THE VIDEO! THOSE ARE NOT THE SAME MEN!
S-S-SAVE US! S-SLOWLY WE SHRINK...WE D-D-DIE! OUR SPACER... HELP US TO T-THE ATMOS CHAMBER! H-H-HURRY!


THEY ARE SO WEAK, SO OLD! AND I CAN HARDLY HEAR THEM SPEAK! THEY SEEM TO WANT TO GO BACK IN THE WRECKED SPACER.
AURO, THIS ONE POINTS TO A SUB-ROOM JUST INSIDE THE MAIN HATCH. LOOK!
A-A-ATMOS...
ATMOS CHAMBER?.. HMM.. MUST BE SOME SORT OF RESTORO PROCESS. THIS MAY BE DANGEROUS.
I-I-INSIDE, Q-QUICK?
S-S-SET OXY-DIAL ON JUPITER! P-PULL LEVER. I-I AM TOO W-WEAK. THEN G-G-GO...GO!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND BUT...THERE! THE AUTO-LEVER IS ON!
NO, AURO, NO! NOT TILL YOU HAVE A GUARD. THEY MAY BE ENEMIES!
THEY WARNED US TO GO, AURO. I'LL WARM OUR SPACER
SOON...
SOMETHING IMPELS ME... I'LL HAVE A WRECKER SPACER BRING THEIR SHIP IN AND SET A GUARD JUST IN CASE...
LATER...
THEIR SPACER IS BEING CARRIED IN NOW... AND THEY'RE INSIDE THE CHAMBER. I WONDER, SHOULD I SEE IF THOSE WEAK OLD MEN ARE ALIVE?
NO, AURO. WAIT TILL A GUARD IS SET.
PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, DORNA.
GREAT ZEUS. THEN IT MAY BE TOO LATE! WHEN, OH, WHEN WILL AURO HEED HIS OWN BRAIN?
3

GUARD, I WANT A CONSTANT WATCH KEPT IN THIS SMASHED SPACER...ESPECIALLY AT THIS DOOR. LET NO ONE PASS. AURO COMMANDS IT.
IT SHALL BE DONE, LORD.
VYNA!... MAPS, PLANS... AURO! LOOK, LOOK!

THEY MAY SOLVE THIS MYSTERY... READ, AURO... HURRY...
THAT FILE... PAPERS... WHY, IT SEEMS TO BE...


...SOME SORT OF PLAN... FROM PLANET 7'I... BY ORDER OF GOI...MISSION X-3... DESTROY JUPITER?... TEST INVASION... BUT THOSE OLD, OLD MEN COULD NOT BE INVADERS... YET I'LL CHECK THE CHAMBER.


...THEY HAVE CHANGED! THEIR FACES, THEIR BODIES... NOW ARE THEY YOUNG!...STRONG! GUARD, FOLLOW ME INSIDE...QUICKLY!

...ATMOS CHAMBER THEY CALLED IT. THROUGH THIS DOOR... IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE I TURNED ON THAT AUTO-LEVER. BUT WAIT!...INSIDE!...THOSE OLD MEN...THEY...

BY TAO, IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! GUARD, GO AND BRING MORE MEN...I MUST GET A BIO-SCIENTIST TO EXAMINE THESE MEN IMMEDIATELY!
IT IS A RESTORO PROCESS, AURO. LISTEN...

...HEAR ME...STOP! THE DOOR!...LOCK THE DOOR! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE...FOR THEN WILL THEY KILL! KILL!

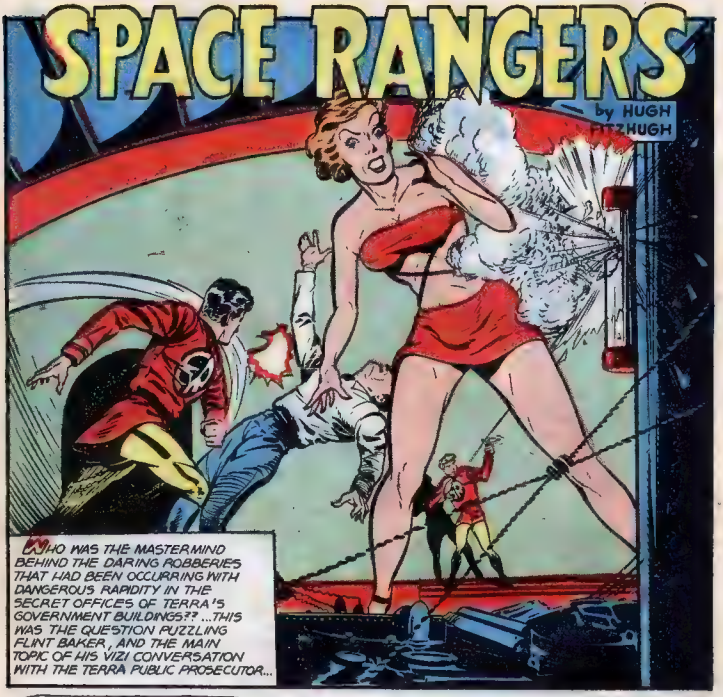
SOON...
LISTEN! THE ATMOS EFFECT IS BUT TEMPORARY. WE MUST ATTACK NOW WHILE OUR LUNGS CAN BREATHE JUPITER AIR...
YAR, THEY HAVE SET A GUARD AT THE CHAMBER DOOR.
BUT THE DOOR IS OPEN. QUICKLY, SET LOADING PINS ON YOUR DUST RAY BLASTERS. THE GUARD DOES NOT SUSPECT... NOW!
WHILE...
DIE, JUPITER SCUM! YOUR BODY TURNS TO DUST! NOW TO DESTROY THE ONE CALLED AURO!
BIO-LAB! YOU SAY A RESTORO PROCESS IS POSSIBLE?
AS I TOLD YOU AURO, SEE, SEE AGAIN THE PLANS, THE PAPERS, AURO...
LOOK! THE INVADERS RETURN... TO KILL!
FIRE, GUARDS!
YOUR GUARDS ARE BUT DUST, AURO! HAND ME THOSE PLANS, IN THE NAME OF GOZ, OR YOU ALSO WILL DIE!
I BEGIN TO SEE...THIS GOZ HAS FOUND AN ATMOS METHOD SO HIS MEN MAY BREATH ON ANY PLANET AND PLANS SPACE CONQUEST FROM THE DEAD PLANET TI, WHERE NO ONE ELSE CAN LIVE.
HOW HORRIBLE! BUT... THAT NOISE...
5

AURO! PIERCE THE COMBUSTO VAT. THE FLAMES WILL CONSUME THEM, QUICKLY!
BY TAO, NEVER DOES AURO SURRENDER!
THE COMBUSTO FUMES WILL CHOKE YOUR LUNGS... AS ONLY JUPITERIANS CAN ENDURE THE CHEMO-HEAT!
WHA...!
PERISH, YOU WHO WOULD DESTROY JUPITER!
LATER...
THESE MEN WERE ABLE BREATHE ON JUPITER BY USING THE ATMOS CHAMBER TO FILTER THEIR LUNG CELLS WITH THORIUM, AN ELEMENT FOUND CHIEFLY ON EARTH.
EARTH! WHY, THE PLANS...
SEE...EARTH IS THEIR MAIN OBJECTIVE. IF GOZ CONQUERS EARTH TO SEIZE THORIUM, THEN WILL ALL SPACE BE IN DANGER.
NO, AURO! NO!
INCLUDING JUPITER! EARTH MUST BE SAVED.
JUPITER ALONE IS YOUR CONCERN. MUST YOU TROUBLE WITH OTHER PLANETS?
AURO! HEAR ME... IF EARTH IS DESTROYED, SOON WILL JUPITER BE NO MORE.
IT IS ONE UNIVERSE OR NONE! THE FATE OF JUPITER HANGS ON THE FATE OF EARTH, AND AURO MUST NOW SAVE EARTH FROM GOZ, THE SPACE DICTATOR!

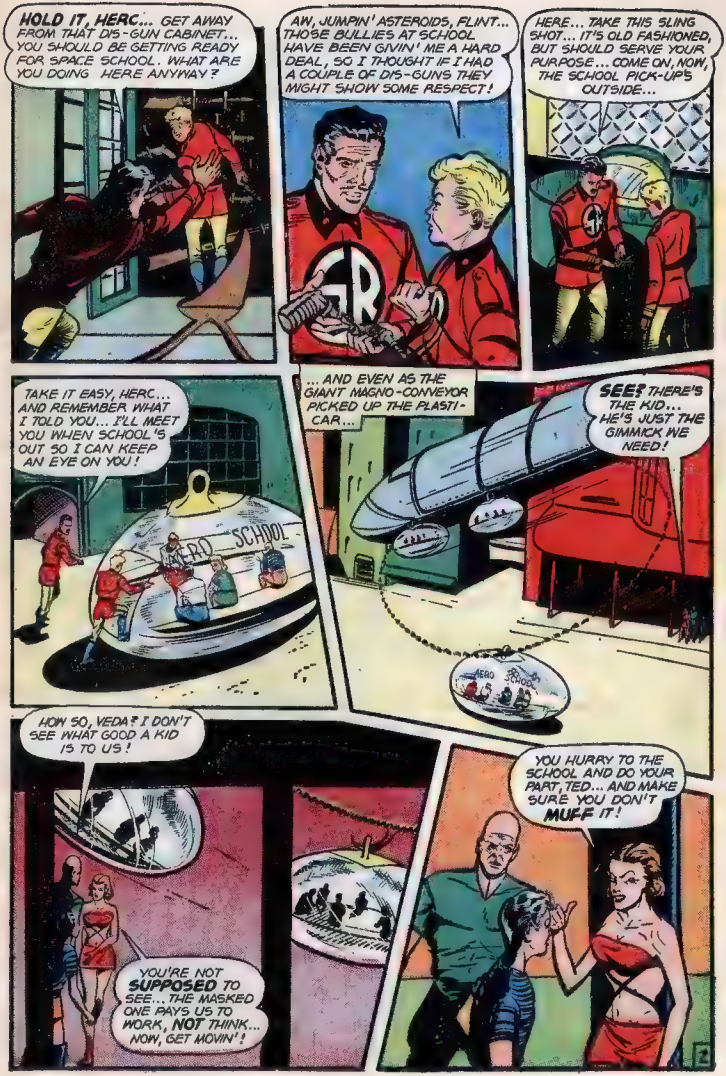
AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

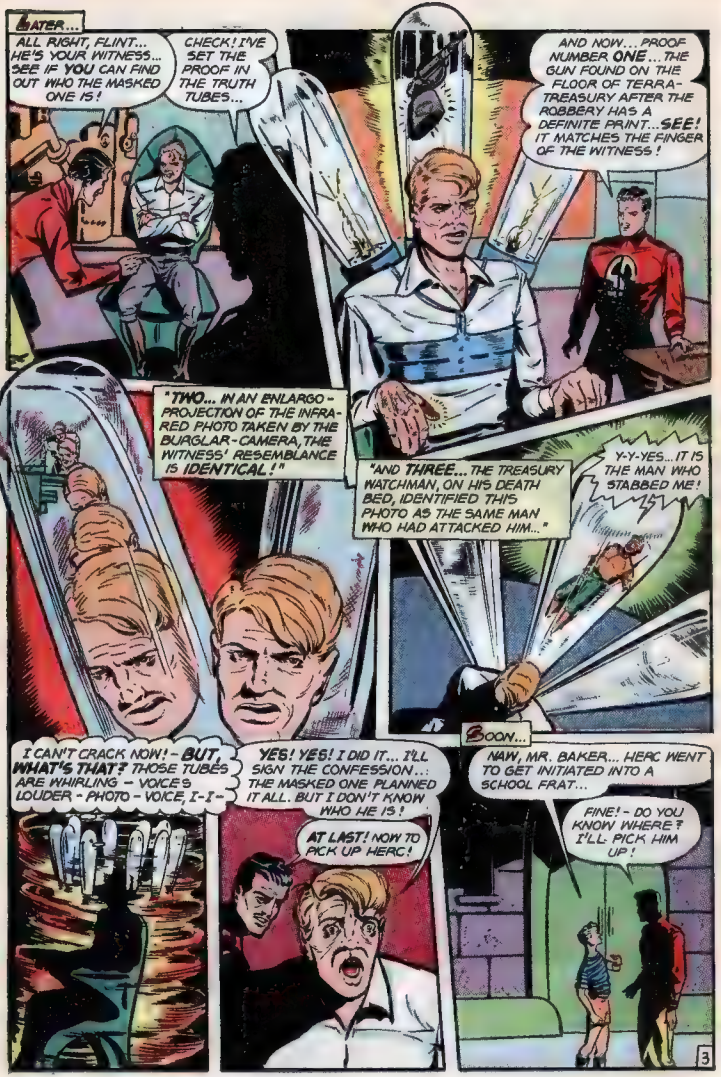
SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH


WHO WAS THE MASTERMIND BEHIND THE DARING ROBBERIES THAT HAD BEEN OCCURRING WITH DANGEROUS RAPIDITY IN THE SECRET OFFICES OF TERRA'S GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS?? ...THIS WAS THE QUESTION PUZZLING FLINT BAKER, AND THE MAIN TOPIC OF HIS VIZI CONVERSATION WITH THE TERRA PUBLIC PROSECUTOR...

WE PICKED UP THIS BARTON CHAP, AND I'M PRETTY SURE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT HIM. BUT ONE THING'S CERTAIN - HE'S NOT THE BIG SHOT.
IT'S A BEGINNING, FLINT. HOW SOON CAN I EXPECT YOU HERE?
I'LL LEAVE NOW AND - OH-OH, GOTTA SIGN OFF, TROUBLE'S BREWING!


HOLD IT, HERC... GET AWAY FROM THAT DIS-GUN CABINET... YOU SHOULD BE GETTING READY FOR SPACE SCHOOL. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY?
AW, JUMPIN' ASTEROIDS, FLINT... THOSE BULLIES AT SCHOOL HAVE BEEN GIVIN' ME A HARD DEAL, SO I THOUGHT IF I HAD A COUPLE OF DIS-GUNS THEY MIGHT SHOW SOME RESPECT!
HERE... TAKE THIS SLING SHOT... IT'S OLD FASHIONED, BUT SHOULD SERVE YOUR PURPOSE... COME ON, NOW, THE SCHOOL PICK-UP'S OUTSIDE...
TAKE IT EASY, HERC... AND REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU... I'LL MEET YOU WHEN SCHOOL'S OUT SO I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!
SCHOOL
... AND EVEN AS THE GIANT MAGNO-CONVEYOR PICKED UP THE PLASTI-CAR...
SEE? THERE'S THE KID... HE'S JUST THE GIMMICK WE NEED!
HOW SO, VEDA? I DON'T SEE WHAT GOOD A KID IS TO US!
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SEE... THE MASKED ONE PAYS US TO WORK, NOT THINK... NOW, GET MOVIN'!
YOU HURRY TO THE SCHOOL AND DO YOUR PART, TED... AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MUFF IT!


LATER...
ALL RIGHT, FLINT... HE'S YOUR WITNESS... SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO THE MASKED ONE IS!
CHECK! I'VE SET THE PROOF IN THE TRUTH TUBES...
AND NOW... PROOF NUMBER ONE... THE GUN FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF TERRA-TREASURY AFTER THE ROBBERY HAS A DEFINITE PRINT... SEE! IT MATCHES THE FINGER OF THE WITNESS!
"TWO... IN AN ENLARGO-PROJECTION OF THE INFRA-RED PHOTO TAKEN BY THE BURGLAR-CAMERA, THE WITNESS' RESEMBLANCE IS IDENTICAL!"
"AND THREE... THE TREASURY WATCHMAN, ON HIS DEATH BED, IDENTIFIED THIS PHOTO AS THE SAME MAN WHO HAD ATTACKED HIM..."
Y-Y-YES... IT IS THE MAN WHO STABBED ME!
I CAN'T CRACK NOW! - BUT, WHAT'S THAT? THOSE TUBES ARE WHIRLING - VOICE'S LOUDER - PHOTO - VOICE, I-I-
YES! YES! I DID IT... I'LL SIGN THE CONFESSION... THE MASKED ONE PLANNED IT ALL. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS!
AT LAST! NOW TO PICK UP HERC!
SOON...
NAW, MR. BAKER... HERC WENT TO GET INITIATED INTO A SCHOOL FRAT...
FINE! - DO YOU KNOW WHERE? I'LL PICK HIM UP!
3

YEAH! I THINK I HEARD THEM MENTION THE OLD OBSERVATORY... I GUESS HE'LL BE WAITIN'...
HE'S WAITIN' ALL RIGHT, CHUMP!
THANKS, TED... I'LL SPACE OUT THERE!
HERC MUST'VE LISTENED TO MY ADVICE... HOPE THE INITIATION WASN'T TOO STIFF.
THAT'S A CLIMB... HASN'T BEEN USED SINCE 1950... GUESS HERC IS WAITING!
HERC! WHAT'S WRONG? DID THEY FORGET YOU?
MMMPF!
HOLD STILL! STOP STRUGGLING! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A SECOND!
RUN FLINT! IT'S A TRAP!
I... HEY!
TOO LATE!

WHEW! FINALLY WE'VE HIT THE BOTTOM... NOW WHAT ?
LOOK! A DOOR!'
YOU MEAN IT WAS A DOOR... WELL, NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT TIGHT AND WAIT UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS...
HEY, FLINT... WE'RE MOVING ! QUICK, MAYBE YOUR DIS-GUN CAN BLAST US OUT OF THIS BIRD CAGE!
NO GO, HERC.. SOMETHING DOWN HERE NULLIFIES MY BLASTER !
LOOK! LIGHT AHEAD!
I WONDER WHAT THE SETUP IS... I FALL FOR A TRICK AND LET THAT KID GET ME TO THE OBSERVATORY... NOW THEY'VE GOT US HERE... WHAT COOKS ?
GREETINGS, FLINT BAKER...ON ORDERS OF THE MASKED ONE YOU HAVE BEEN TRAPPED INTO COMING HERE... NOW, I SHALL PROCEED WITH MY WORK!
SINCE YOU HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE AGAINST OUR MAN, BARTON, THIS MACHINE WILL REMOVE YOUR REMEMBRANCE OF IT...NEXT, TO SET THE DIAL.
GEE! WHEN THAT DIAL GETS TO FIFTY, FLINT'LL BE A GONER... I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING! WAIT - THIS SLINGSHOT...

NOW! IF MY AIM IS ONLY GOOD!
THE KID'S LOOSE... STOP HIM!
NICE GOING, HERC... QUICK, HAND ME THAT TUBE...
OKAY, FLINT!
OHHH! PARA-RAYS - NO! NO!
THIS SHOULD SHORT CIRCUIT YOUR PLANS AND THE PARA-RAY MACHINE!
HOLD IT, BUB... I'VE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
THIS CALLS FOR A FAST FADE-OUT!
..AND HERE'S MY INTRODUCTION! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THAT MASK.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... IT'S THE PROSECUTOR!
THAT'S RIGHT, HERC... I SEE IT ALL NOW... A SWEET RACKET AND NONE OF HIS GANG KNEW WHO HE WAS...
SR

SPACE RANGERS APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE PLANETS

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

DOES a man on Mercury have coffee for breakfast? Does he go to the seashore for his vacation? Do young lovers on Venus whisper to each other by the light of the moon? Do the boxers on Mars hit as hard as Joe Louis? How much time does the working girl on Jupiter get for her lunch period? Would minks go well on Neptune?

All that centuries of scientific argument about life on the other planets have ever proved is that there may or may not be people there—and the people may or may not be like us. That life exists is never completely denied, since it is usually assumed that it *can* exist, let's see how these citizens live their lives day by day.

On Mercury, for example, a cup of java is an unknown delicacy and a breakfast must do the best it can without a pot of coffee. There is no water on Mercury. Indeed it is doubtful if any liquids exist. On a vacation the typical family of Mercury probably goes to the mountains, which crinkle the face of the planet in great abundance. But there is no seashore—because there is no sea. So, frolicking in the surf is a pleasure that the Mercurian has never enjoyed.

Life on Mercury is a hurried affair. Summer lasts about a month. So does fall, winter and spring—and Christmas comes every 88 days. Figuring the present airplane speeds on earth, it would be simple for the traveler on Mercury to buzz around his planet in less than a day. Mercury is hardly the size of our moon. And that's another thing the Mercurians miss—a moon. Their songwriters lead a frustrated life.

Venus romances must do without a moon also. In fact, the denizens of Venus must do without a sun most of the time. A sun tan would be a miracle to these people. Venus is covered with a blanket of clouds perhaps eighty miles deep. The most powerful telescopes on earth have yet to discern the slightest rift in this cloud bank. If the sun's rays are able to penetrate this screen, it probably leaves a dim murky light on the planet's surface making it difficult for the Venusian to read his daily paper without the aid of artificial light. Yet the heavy clouds are blessings in disguise. So close is Venus to the sun that everyone would be roasted alive if the clouds did not cut out the killing rays.

Tough guys inhabit Mars. That is, they are tough by our standards. It is estimated that a Martian could do the work of 27 earth men. They need to be tough; most people on Mars have jobs as ditch diggers and the ditch diggers union is undoubtedly the largest on Mars. This occupation has been forced on the Martians of necessity. There is fresh water on Mars, but very little of it. There are no oceans, as on Mercury, but vacationists can go swimming in the canals. That is where the ditch diggers come in. Enormous, planet-long canals or ditches gird Mars, in a frantic effort to conserve the water supply.

A honeymoon on Mars would be confused by two moons. They are not as striking as our moon, however, since they are tiny things only from six to thirty-six miles in diameter. But it must be interesting to see them chasing after each other in the sky over Mars.

A day on Mars is the same length as an earth day, but a year is twice as long. Birthdays are 687 days apart and the Mars man must endure the chill of winter for twelve of our months. Fur coats must last just that much longer. But it's not so terrible as a summer is naturally double one of our summers.

Mars would be excellent for an earthling's ego. The tug of gravity is a third of that on earth, so you could jump three times higher, leap three times farther and hurl a baseball

three times as far as you can now. Football fields would be three hundred yards long. We'd need the exercise though. On the Martian equator, the temperature hardly ever climbs above 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Remember to bring your overcoat.

Folks on Jupiter can brag of the largest planet in our solar system but that is a definite drawback. A healthy man must weigh about 450 pounds and the women blush in shame whenever they stand on the scales. Gravity is two and a half times what it is on earth. It is so powerful that a Jupiterite must crawl about on all fours most of his life since walking upright would be a terrific exertion. Sports and all athletic events are at a minimum. Conversation is highly developed as talking is the only occupation that can be painlessly indulged.

If the Jupiter men and women do work, the working day is not too strenuous. The full day is only ten hours, less than half the earth day. You would get less than half an hour off for lunch and also have half as long to sleep. But a year is a dreary stretch of time, twelve of our years. When you are seventy years old on Jupiter, you've lived 840 years.

To gaze at the sky at night on Jupiter is a spectacular thrill for the populace. Nine moons are at their disposal. There is never a moonless night, two or three being always visible.

As we go out to the farthest planets, we find the people looking stranger and stranger and leading stranger and stranger lives. On Saturn everyone has wings—a race of powerful bird-like people. They have learned to set their wing muscles and go to sleep in the air while they glide for hours on end. They have to. There is barely any solid matter on Saturn, most of the planet being gaseous.

They do have ten moons on Saturn, but instead of being stared at, they are used as the only solid ground the Saturnians have. They hop from one to the other, being careful, of course, to avoid the flying rocks that make up the great rings of Saturn.

Uranusian people are very like Saturn's. They spend their lives in the air yet have the benefit of only four moons to visit. Days are the same scant ten hours that the Jupiterites must put up with, but the years are unbearably lengthy. A Saturn year is 29½ earth years. You are a man before your first birthday.

Saturn, Uranus and Neptune all have subpolar atmosphere. A mink coat, or something far warmer, would be essential for an earthling to enjoy the climate. On Saturn it reaches 290 degrees below zero. They are a rugged people on these planets—the sun is a pin point in the distance.

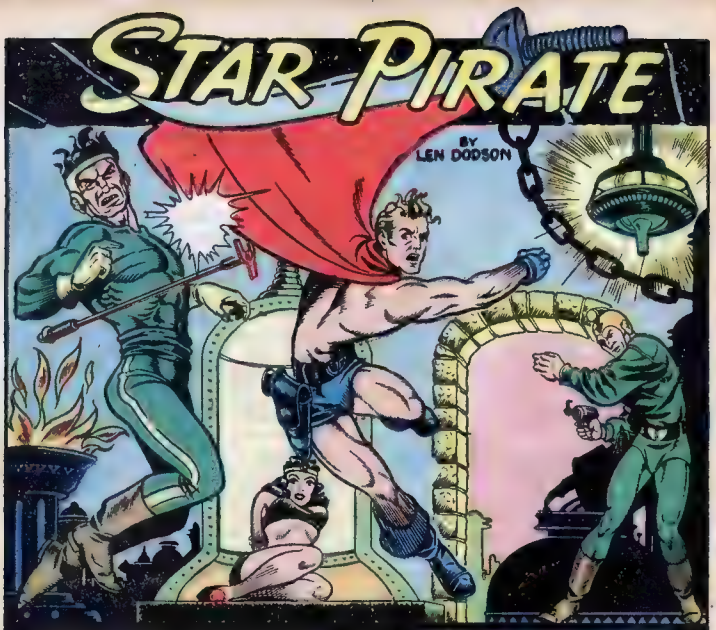
The inhabitants of Pluto are pretty much an unknown factor to earthlings at present. It's only been seen by the strongest telescopes. However, the people on Pluto may know a good deal about us and chuckle at our ignorance of their daily affairs. We can say one thing about the men on Pluto—they probably never live to see a year go by. A Plutonian year is about 250 earth years.

It must not be thought that all the occupants of the universe live so differently from those on earth. We have knowledge only of life on the planets of our own relatively-tiny solar system. There are countless other planets circling about countless other suns. It is perfectly possible, indeed probable, that more than one such system has a globe similar to our own. And people identical to us.

More than that—such planets may have existed for century upon century longer than our planet earth and the people may have raised themselves to a degree of civilization far beyond our own. Perhaps in their solar system, inter-planetary travel is common place, and their transportation problems are dealing in travel between the solar systems themselves. Scientists of such planets may be peering at our globe at this very moment through huge telescopes far in advance of our own.

And these men who plan to visit us may lead lives as ordinary as our own—with coffee in the morning and only one moon at night. With a 24-hour day and a 365-day year. With a sun overhead and rivers and oceans around them.

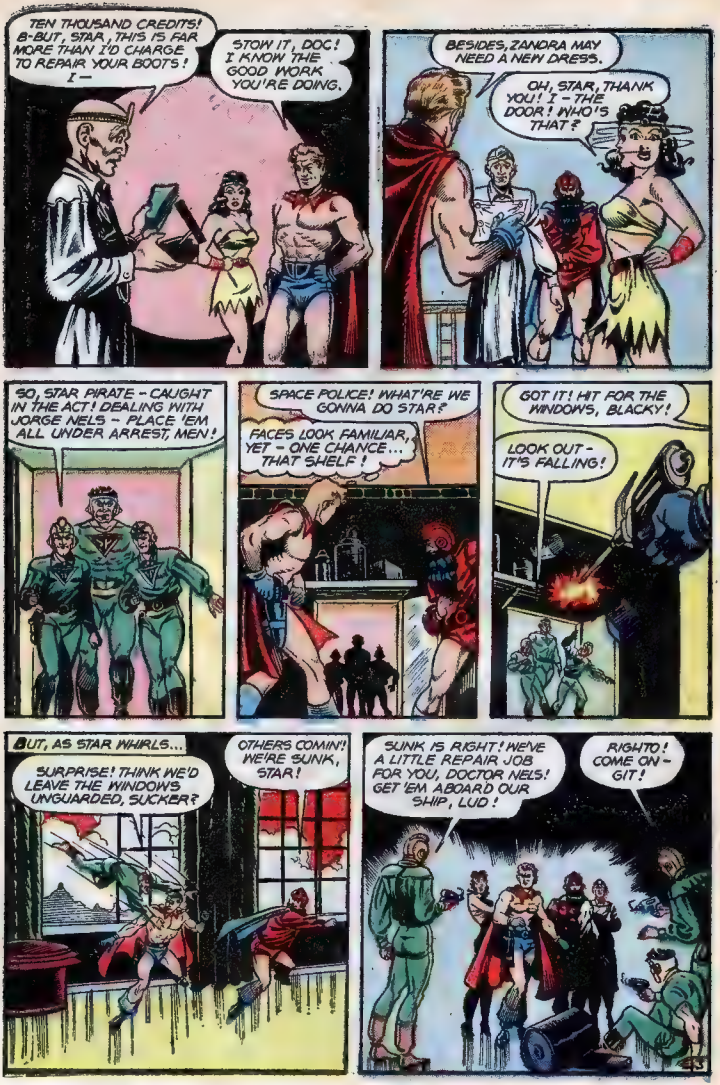
And perhaps these men lead lives stranger than our strangest dreams!


STAR PIRATE
BY LEN DOBSON
"NOTICE! DOCTOR JORGE NELS HAS BEEN DULY EXPELLED FROM THE SCIENCE COUNCIL OF LURUA FOR UNAUTHORIZED EXPERIMENTS! ANYONE CAUGHT DEALING WITH THIS DANGEROUS VISIONARY WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED!" THUS FLASHED THE VIZI-BULLETIN WHICH STAR PIRATE HEARD. WHY THEN, DID THIS CAREFREE ROVER OF THE ASTRO LANES HEAD HIS SPACESHIP TOWARD LURUA, TOWARD THE LABORATORY OF THIS ECCENTRIC INVENTOR?

YOU KNOW WE CAN GET TWENTY ANNOS IN THE ASTEROID BRIG FER DEALING WITH THAT GUY, BIG SHOT!
QUIET, FUZZY-CHIN. MY BOOTS WON'T WORK - AND DOCTOR NELS IS THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN FIX 'EM. LET'S GO...

BESIDES, YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ME, YOU OLD WOLF - YOU'RE ACHING FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT NELS' DAUGHTER, ZANDRA. BUT I WARN YOU NOT TO ROB ANYTHING!
MURPHY ANDERSON

AS WATCHING...
THEY'RE BOTH HEADING FOR NELS' LAB! THIS IS GOING TO RUIN YOUR PLANS, RAWN!
LOOK - LOOK! IT'S STAR PIRATE!! WHAT'S HE UP TO?
NO IT'S NOT, BRAC. YOU FOOL! THIS LITTLE INCIDENT MAKES THEM PERFECT! RIGHT, LUD?
IF YOU SAY SO, BOSS! B-BUT HOW?
THAT, YOU BLIND IDIOTS! WE'RE SPACE POLICE - AND STAR PIRATE IS DEALING WITH NELS!
WHILE... DOCTOR JORGE NELS! SO THEY EXPELLED YOU BECAUSE YOUR IDEAS WERE TOO FAR ADVANCED FOR THE COUNCIL'S OLD FOGEYS! I'M STAR PIRATE.
Y-YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME!
AND WHY NOT? YOU HAVE NO FUNDS, SO I'M DECLARING YOU AS ONE OF MY CHARITIES. HERE - A DOWN PAYMENT ON A REPAIR JOB FOR MY BOOTS, DOC!
HMM... THAT HELMET LOOKS MIGHTY INTERESTING!
AH, ALL BUSY AS BEES! NOW'S MY CHANCE...
OLD BLACKY NEVER MAKES A TRIP FOR NOTHIN'!

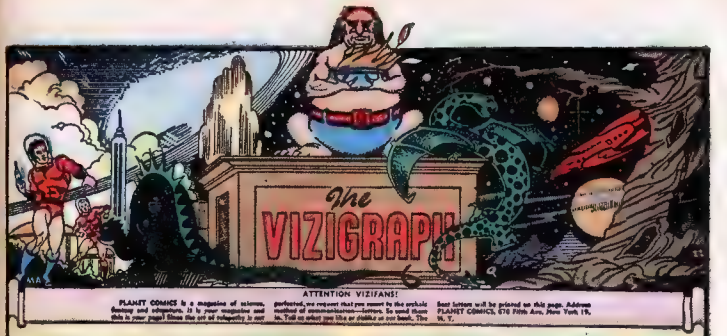

TEN THOUSAND CREDITS! B-BUT, STAR, THIS IS FAR MORE THAN I'D CHARGE TO REPAIR YOUR BOOTS! I—
STOW IT, DOC! I KNOW THE GOOD WORK YOU'RE DOING.
BESIDES, ZANDRA MAY NEED A NEW DRESS.
OH, STAR, THANK YOU! I—THE DOOR! WHO'S THAT?
SO, STAR PIRATE—CAUGHT IN THE ACT! DEALING WITH JORGE NELS—PLACE 'EM ALL UNDER ARREST, MEN!
SPACE POLICE! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO STAR?
FACES LOOK FAMILIAR, YET—ONE CHANCE... THAT SHELF!
GOT IT! HIT FOR THE WINDOWS, BLACKY!
LOOK OUT—IT'S FALLING!
BUT, AS STAR WHIRLS...
SURPRISE! THINK WE'D LEAVE THE WINDOWS UNGUARDED, SUCKER?
OTHERS COMIN'! WE'RE SUNK, STAR!
SUNK IS RIGHT! WE'VE A LITTLE REPAIR JOB FOR YOU, DOCTOR NELS! GET 'EM ABOARD OUR SHIP, LUD!
RIGHTO! COME ON—GIT!

SOON... EVER HEAR OF THE X-ARC MACHINE, DOC?
W-WHY, YES! I BUILT IT. IT WAS STOLEN FROM ME BEFORE I COMPLETED IT...
RIGHT! BUT YOU'RE GOING TO COMPLETE IT NOW, SEE?
NEVER! THAT ARC RAY WOULD WRECK THE WHOLE UNIVERSE! WAIT! Y-YOU'RE NOT POLICE!
NO - RAWN'S THE NAME. AND MUD'LL BE YOURS UNLESS YOU FIX THAT MACHINE. JUST TO PROVE I MEAN WHAT I SAY, HAVE A DOSE OF MY ELECTRO-WHIP!
CAN'T LET RAWN TORTURE THE OLD MAN - AND THIS GUARD'S BUSY GIVING ZANDRA THE EYE, SO -
QUICKLY, STAR! RAWN'S WHIP -
HERE - TRY YOUR WHIP NOW, RAWN!
GETTING AWAY - MUST STOP THEM!
MAKE FOR THE HATCHWAY, FOLKS. OLD STAR'S ON HIS WAY OUT AGAIN!
WHAT!
AH, CAUGHT HIM IN THE COILS OF MY ELECTRO-WHIP JUST IN TIME. WE'RE LANDING...

LATER, AT RAWN'S HIDEOUT...
MAKE FOR THE HATCHWAY, FOLKS... PHOOEY! HE'S OUT. ALL RIGHT, BUT GOOD! HMM... MIGHTY INTERESTING GADGET, THIS!
I'LL TRY IT ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. THERE!
WHAT TH-? WONDER WHAT THE OLD BLIMP IS UP TO? THAT HELMET... NOW TO PRESS THIS BUTTON.
WOW! I SURE FEEL FUNNY. HAH! WHAT A JOKE I CAN PLAY ON STAR!
H-HE'S TURNING INVISIBLE!
WHILE...
COME ON, SIS! MAYBE YOUR OLD MAN WON'T BE SO STUBBORN WHEN HE SEES YOU GET BRANDED!
HEAT THE IRON, BRAC! I'LL TAKE HER TO THE CHAMBER.
NOW, DOCTOR NELS, ARE YOU GOING TO FIX THE X-ARC?
DON'T GIVE IN, DAD! DON'T!
BRING THAT IRON, BRAC, WE'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THIS!

As...
TRYING TO ESCAPE, HUH? COME BACK HERE, YOU!
HEY!
POWERFUL RAY - GOT TO REACH THAT SECOND BUTTON.
STAR! STAR! LEMME UP - I-I'LL BE GOOD, I PROMISE!
SO, YOU STOLE THAT FROM THE DOC, EH? GIVE IT HERE - HURRY!
OKAY! OKAY!
NOW CALL THE GUARD - AND MAKE IT SOUND URGENT SO HE OPENS THE DOOR!
GUARD! HELP - HELP!
WAIT! FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WAIT! I'LL FIX IT - I'LL DO ANYTHING! I -
HAH, I THOUGHT YOU'D - WHAT'S THAT?
WHILE...
GETTING HOT, AIN'T IT? TELL YOUR FATHER HE CAN SAVE YOU!
NEVER - NEVER!
6

BRAC! LUD! GET IT - IT'S ONLY A HELMET - I... OOH!
THAT GOES WITH IT, RAWN!
AND SWIFTLY...
AAHH!
LATER...
Y-YOUR VOICE - SOUNDS LIKE STAR, YET I C-CAN'T SEE YOU - I...
TAKE IT EASY, BABY - YOUR OLE UNCLE STAR'S GOING TO MATERIALIZE RIGHT NOW. THE BUTTON..
THERE WE ARE! NICE GADGET, DOC! MY PAL BLACKY JUST HAPPENED TO FIND IT IN HIS POCKET AFTER WE LEFT YOUR LAB.
HA, HA! ONE OF MY MORE FRIVOLOUS IDEAS!
REAL SPACE POLICE WILL BE GLAD TO GET THOSE CROOKS - AND SO LONG AS YOU SAVED THE DAY - I'M GIVING YOU THIS, BLACKY!
GEE!! YEAH?
WE CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, STAR. DAD TOLD ME TO GIVE THE INVISI-CONTROL TUBE TO YOU.
I GET IT! FOR THE HELMET, EH?
YAK! YAK! I'M INVISIBLE! BOY, AM I GONNA HAVE FUN!
ANYONE SEEN BLACKY? I WONDER WHERE HE IS!
WHY THE OLD COOT'S BALMY! DESTROYED THE X-ARC RAY, AND GIVES ME THIS PECULIAR HELMET.
STAR PIRATE APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!



ATTENTION VIZIFANS!

PLANET COMICS is a magazine of science, fantasy and adventure. It is your magazine and what you find in this is your page! Since the art of telepathy is not perfected, we request that you answer to the archaic method of communication—letters. In your letters to us, Tell us what you like or dislike in our book. The best letters will be printed on this page. Address PLANET COMICS, 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Editor,

I have been reading PLANET Comics for some time now. Don't ask me how long . . . I don't know, but I believe it gives me a right to tell you how I like each story.

Lost World—Fair. Have Hunt lose those boots in a fight and and forget about them.

Futura—Long, drawn-out whistle. Absolutely no improvement could be made.

Auro—STINKS LIKE BLAZES!!!! Couldn't be worse if you tried!

Space Rangers—Fair. What happened to Reef Ryan? He could improve things plenty.

Mysta—Not so hot. Art's pretty good, but the stories are awful. Give her a little more pep, let her fall in love with some goon, NOT Bron.

Star Pirate—Pretty good.

One other question. What in the name of Jupiter happened to Gale Allen? Did you fire the author, or what?

Jan Melton
Fresno, California

Dear Jan:

Gale Allen is still galaxing around the outer galaxies . . . has gone on a seven year trip.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Dear Editor:

I turned hopeful eyes towards the new issue of P. C. OH! NO! Not again! That cover! You know darn well what's wrong with it.

My bloodshot eyes turned next to Ye Vizi. Sometimes I think that you employ monkeys to write the Vizigraph and burn the real letters you receive—some of the stuff printed on that page was never spawned in a human brain.

Thorncliffe Herrick ,you should be ashamed of yourself! You always were my favorite short story writer, but after that last "Future Facts"—whew! There were only a few microscopic shreds of scientific fact upon which the story was based. You must have found the rest in a 14th century thriller.

In the Lost World, if I rightly remember, the Venusians were first sponge-like creatures, then they were almost like Earthmen, and now they're like fish. Make up your mind, will you?

But don't worry, dear Ed. Even when P. C. stinks it's better than most other comic books on the market.

Bruce Hapke
Racine, Wisconsin

Dear Editor:

Here's how I spend my dime on PLANET COMICS: Lost World 1½¢; Star Pirate 1½¢; Vizigraph page 1¢; Fiction Story ½¢ (better improve on that), and last of all, my favorite, Futura 1¾¢.

Please take out Life on other Worlds so that the stories can spread out more.

The artist that draws the cover is hot. The other ¾¢ is for the cover.

C. Courtney Coolidge
Charleston 5, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Just a little complaint about Space Rangers in No. 49. It started off good, but when it got to the FUTURAM—ugh! How can something tall what's going to happen in the future? Impossible!

In Futura it looks like that so-called Lord Mentor's head is rather too big for that little body, and in Mysta I wish you would kick out that crazy piece of tin robot and let her have a man. It would be much better.

Star Pirate is the best in the book.

Leo Turner
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Lee:

The FUTURAM, as portrayed in Space Rangers No. 48, was based upon a mathematical calculator of future events, which right now is undergoing research at a famous institute of technology. Proof of the reliability of this calculator was given when scientists took historical happenings, broke them down into cold figures, and submitted the statistics to the calculator. When the figures were interpreted back into events . . . the results were current happenings—with some slight modifications here and there. At present, these same scientists are submitting statistics relative to our present happenings, and are beginning to get glimpses into the future—with some startling results!

Hugh Fitzhugh

Dear Editor:

Please, please don't make me buy another edition like this one. This guy-gal-goon routine is getting a leetle bit tiresome, and I am beginning to think that Auro is not only muscle-minded but also knuckel-headed.

Monte Browning
Belle Frorche, S. Dakota

Dear Editor,

Lost World and Futura are my favorites. However, I came across something in your Lost World, No. 49. It was stated that the Voltamen had not been able to split the atom, while we on earth have done this. My problem is: if this is true, why didn't the people on earth turn their atomic weapons on the Voltamen and blast their space-ships out of the sky? Seems to me this would have been the logical thing to do. Hoping that you will answer this question, I am,

Robert Phelps
Washington, D. C.

Dear Robert,

In the fateful year in which the Voltamen attacked, the peace-loving people of earth had outlawed the atomic bomb. Atomic energy had been developed for the good of mankind only and earthmen did not possess atomic weapons of war.

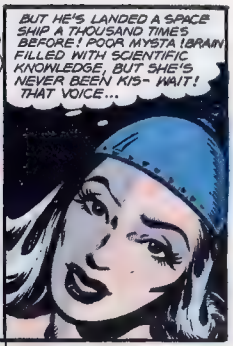
The Editor

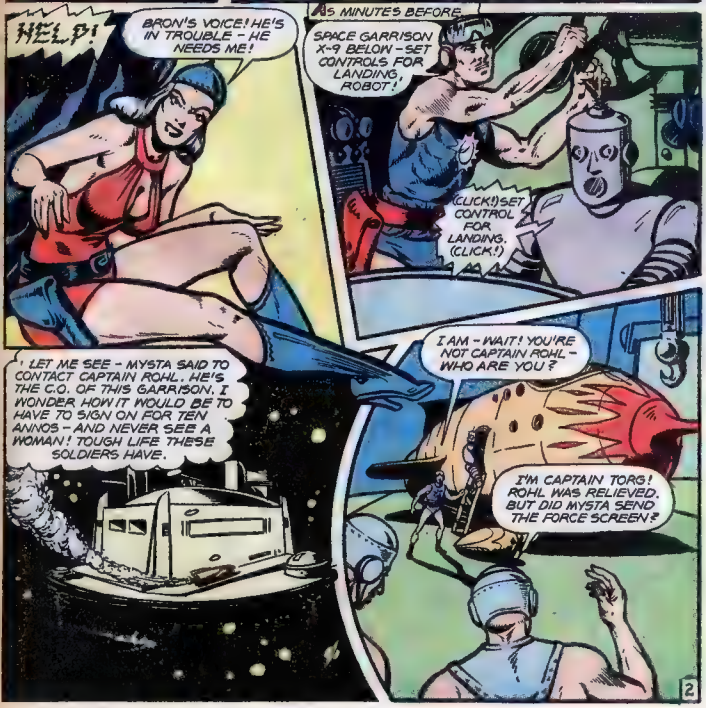
MYSTA
OF THE MOON
By ROSS GALLUN
MYSTA AND BRON WERE DOING CATALYST EXPERIMENTS WHEN THE TELAUDIO FLASHED: "STRATO GARRISON X-9 CALLING MYSTA! A FORCE SCREEN IS URGENTLY NEEDED AT OUR BASE IN UPPER VOID, SECTOR SIX!" IMPORTANT WORK HAD TO BE TEMPORARILY HALTED TO FILL THIS CRITICAL REQUEST. AND SOON, AS THE GOOD FRIENDS PREPARED TO PART.
YOU'LL BE GONE SOME TIME, BRON. I WISH I COULD GO WITH YOU. I--
NONSENSE! YOU CAN'T STOP WORK ON THOSE EXPERIMENTS, MYSTA!
SOON...
YES--YES, I KNOW! THE WHOLE UNIVERSE DEPENDS ON MY WORK! SOMETIMES I WISH--I WISH...
TAKE IT EASY, MYSTA! THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE. WHY, THERE'S NOT EVEN A WOMAN ALLOWED ON THESE STRATO GARRISONS!

LATER...

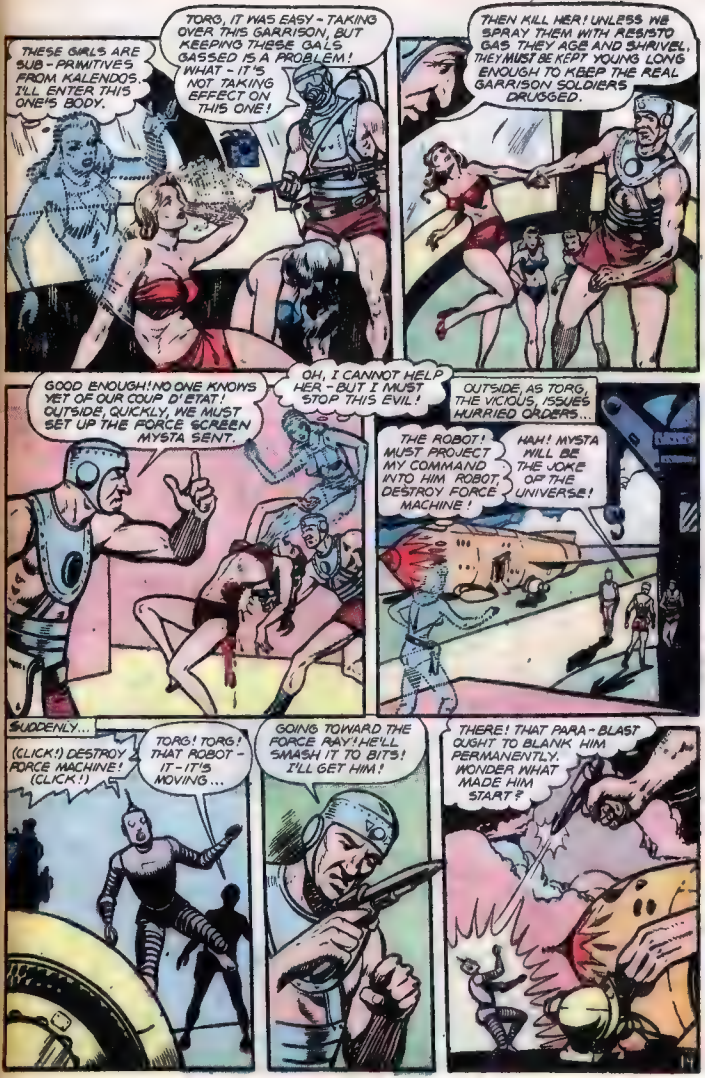
HMM... IONIZED CATALYSTS - I-I... NO WOMEN ALLOWED ON STRATO GARRISONS - N-NOW, WHY SHOULD BRON SAY THAT? W-WHY SHOULD I CARE! OOH! I'M TIRED - NEED A REVIVO SLEEP...

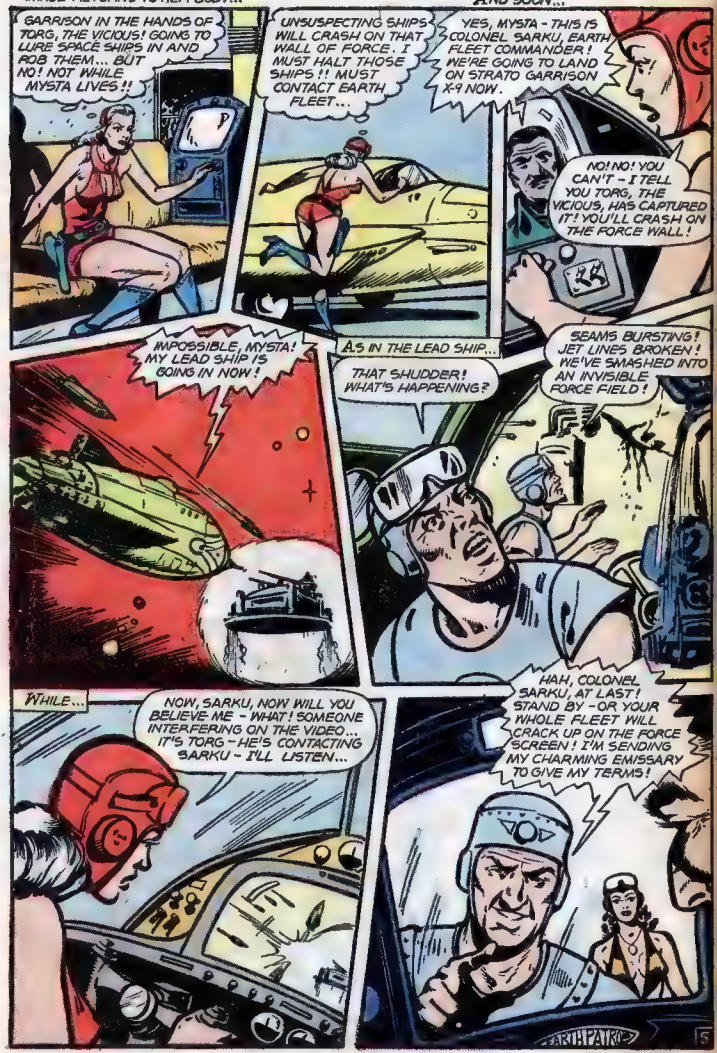
THERE, REVIVO RAYS ON. NOW, I'LL JUST RELAX - AND WORRY ABOUT NOTHING! BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER SET THE VIDEO TO BRON'S VARIANTER...JUST TO MAKE SURE HE LANDS ALL RIGHT!


BUT HE'S LANDED A SPACE SHIP A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE! POOR MYSTA! BRAIN FILLED WITH SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, BUT SHE'S NEVER BEEN KIS- WAIT! THAT VOICE...

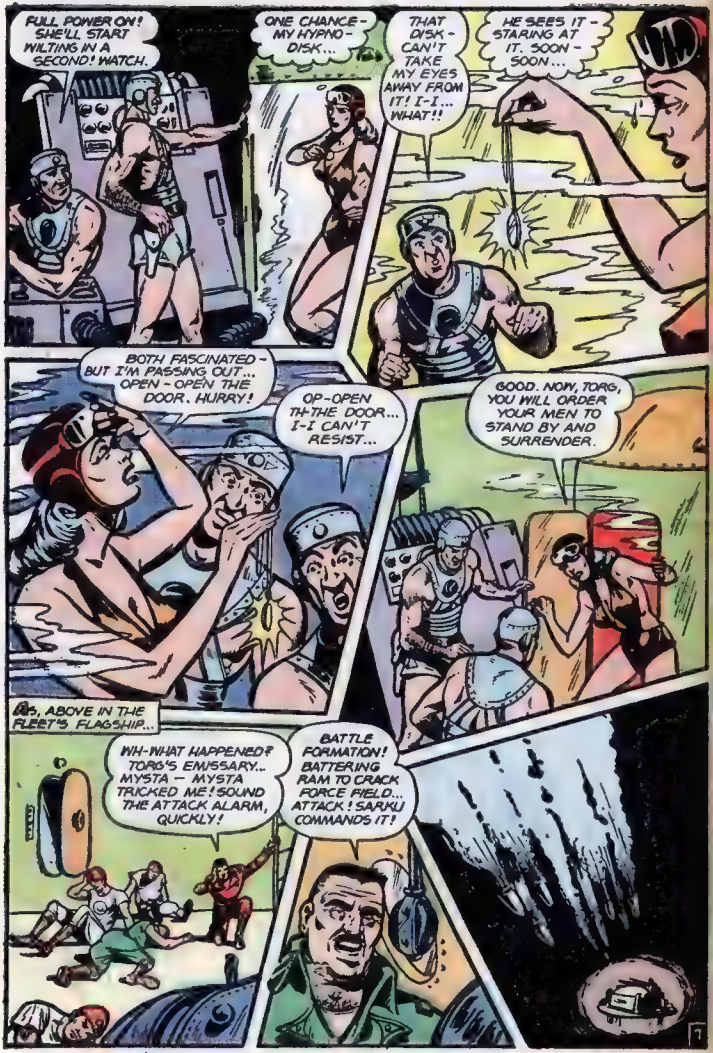

HELP!
BRON'S VOICE! HE'S IN TROUBLE - HE NEEDS ME!
45 MINUTES BEFORE...
SPACE GARRISON X-9 BELOW - SET CONTROLS FOR LANDING, ROBOT!
(CLICK!) SET CONTROL FOR LANDINGS. (CLICK!)
I AM - WAIT! YOU'RE NOT CAPTAIN ROHL - WHO ARE YOU?
I'M CAPTAIN TORG! ROHL WAS RELIEVED, BUT DID MYSTA SEND THE FORCE SCREEN?
! LET ME SEE - MYSTA SAID TO CONTACT CAPTAIN ROHL. HE'S THE C.O. OF THIS GARRISON. I WONDER HOW IT WOULD BE TO HAVE TO SIGN ON FOR TEN ANNOS - AND NEVER SEE A WOMAN! TOUGH LIFE THESE SOLDIERS HAVE.

ROHL RELIEVED, EH? YES, THERE'S THE FORCE SCREEN - BUT WHAT'S THAT? WHY, IT'S A-A WOMAN!
WHAT? ESCAPED - BLAST HER, QUICKLY!
HELP! OH, HELP ME...
HOLD ON, TORG! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK INTO THE ACTIVITIES ON THIS GARRISON!
SUDDENLY...
GRAB HIM! NO NEED TO DO IT ALONE! YOU SHALL BECOME A PART OF THEM! THIS GARRISON IS MINE - MINE!
MYSTA HELP!
AND ON THE MOON...
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE GONE! WAIT - ONE CHANCE...
MY THOUGHT IMAGE - MUST PROJECT IT TO STRATO GARRISON X-9.
INSTANTLY...
THERE'S BRON! BUT THOSE MEN - THEY'RE NOT GARRISON SOLDIERS! AND THOSE GIRLS...
ENOUGH FOR HIM! GIVE THOSE GIRLS ANOTHER SHOT OF RESISTO GAS! ONE ALMOST SPILLED THE BEANS!
RESISTO GAS BLASTS INTO THE PLASTO-BELL - PRIMITIVE GIRLS SLUMP GROGGILY, SOON TO BE MERE TOOLS IN A DEVILISH MASTER PLAN...
7


THESE GIRLS ARE SUB-PRIMITIVES FROM KALENDOS. I'LL ENTER THIS ONE'S BODY.
TORG, IT WAS EASY - TAKING OVER THIS GARRISON, BUT KEEPING THESE GALS GASSED IS A PROBLEM! WHAT - IT'S NOT TAKING EFFECT ON THIS ONE!
THEN KILL HER! UNLESS WE SPRAY THEM WITH RESISTO GAS THEY AGE AND SHRIVEL, THEY MUST BE KEPT YOUNG LONG ENOUGH TO KEEP THE REAL GARRISON SOLDIERS DRUGGED.
GOOD ENOUGH! NO ONE KNOWS YET OF OUR COUP D'ETAT! OUTSIDE, QUICKLY, WE MUST SET UP THE FORCE SCREEN MYSTA SENT.
OH, I CANNOT HELP HER - BUT I MUST STOP THIS EVIL!
OUTSIDE, AS TORG, THE VICIOUS, ISSUES HURRIED ORDERS...
THE ROBOT! MUST PROJECT MY COMMAND INTO HIM ROBOT, DESTROY FORCE MACHINE!
HAH! MYSTA WILL BE THE JOKE OF THE UNIVERSE!
SUDDENLY...
(CLICK!) DESTROY FORCE MACHINE! (CLICK!)
TORG! TORG! THAT ROBOT - IT - IT'S MOVING...
GOING TOWARD THE FORCE RAY! HE'LL SMASH IT TO BITS! I'LL GET HIM!
THERE! THAT PARA-BLAST OUGHT TO BLANK HIM PERMANENTLY. WONDER WHAT MADE HIM START?


BACK ON THE MOON, MYSTA'S THOUGHT IMAGE RETURNS TO HER BODY...
AND SOON...
GARRISON IN THE HANDS OF TORG, THE VICIOUS! GOING TO LURE SPACE SHIPS IN AND ROB THEM... BUT NO! NOT WHILE MYSTA LIVES!!
UNSUSPECTING SHIPS WILL CRASH ON THAT WALL OF FORCE. I MUST HALT THOSE SHIPS!! MUST CONTACT EARTH FLEET...
YES, MYSTA - THIS IS COLONEL SARKU, EARTH FLEET COMMANDER! WE'RE GOING TO LAND ON STRATO GARRISON X-9 NOW.
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T - I TELL YOU TORG, THE VICIOUS, HAS CAPTURED IT! YOU'LL CRASH ON THE FORCE WALL!
IMPOSSIBLE, MYSTA! MY LEAD SHIP IS GOING IN NOW!
AS IN THE LEAD SHIP...
THAT SHUDDER! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SEAMS BURSTING! JET LINES BROKEN! WE'VE SMASHED INTO AN INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD!
WHILE...
NOW, SARKU, NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME - WHAT! SOMEONE INTERFERING ON THE VIDEO... IT'S TORG - HE'S CONTACTING SARKU - I'LL LISTEN...
HAH, COLONEL SARKU, AT LAST! STAND BY - OR YOUR WHOLE FLEET WILL CRACK UP ON THE FORCE SCREEN! I'M SENDING MY CHARMING EMISSARY TO GIVE MY TERMS!
EARTH PAIR
5

THE ECHOES OF A MADMAN'S GLOATING RING HARSHLY THROUGH THE METAL CORRIDORS OF THE EARTH-FLEET'S FLAG-SHIP. THE MIGHTY SARKU IS HELPLESS! BUT SWIFTLY, ANOTHER VIDEO FLASH-"OPEN YOUR PORT CHAMBER! I WARNED YOU-NOW I'M BOARDING YOU!" AND SOON...
I'M GOING THROUGH, MYSTA! MY FLEET WILL CRASH THAT FORCE FIELD.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I BUILT THAT FORCE SCREEN-I KNOW IT'S IMPREGNABLE!
YOU'LL DESTROY EARTH'S WHOLE FLEET-WAIT! THE EMISSARY'S COMING...
OPEN PORT CHAMBER!
SOON...
THE TERMS ARE COMPLETE SURRENDER, BY ORDER OF TORG!
SARKU, LET'S PLAY HIS GAME-LET'S GET IN THERE.
NEVER! I'LL NEVER SURRENDER TO THAT SPACE RAT!
NO REASONING WITH SARKU-I MANEUVERED OVER HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN. NOW THIS GAS PELLET...
SEND HER BACK.
AIR PURIFI
SWIFTLY, BODIES CRUMPLE, A SPACE SLED ROARS AWAY-AND A LITTLE LATER, ON STRATO GARRISON X-9...
LOOK, TORG, SHE HAS THE SIGNED TERMS!
NOW-I MUST BE CAREFUL...
WHAT! THESE PAPERS ARE NOT SIGNED! THAT'S NOT THE EMISSARY I SENT! GRAB HER!
IT-IT'S MYSTA! TAKE HER TO THE DISINTEGRATION CHAMBER, QUICKLY!


FULL POWER ON! SHE'LL START WILTING IN A SECOND! WATCH.
ONE CHANCE - MY HYPNO - DISK...
THAT DISK - CAN'T TAKE MY EYES AWAY FROM IT! I-I... WHAT!!
HE SEES IT - STARING AT IT. SOON - SOON...
BOTH FASCINATED - BUT I'M PASSING OUT... OPEN - OPEN THE DOOR. HURRY!
OP-OPEN TH-THE DOOR... I-I CAN'T RESIST...
GOOD. NOW, TORG, YOU WILL ORDER YOUR MEN TO STAND BY AND SURRENDER.
AS, ABOVE IN THE FLEET'S FLAGSHIP...
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? TORG'S EMISSARY.. MYSTA - MYSTA TRICKED ME! SOUND THE ATTACK ALARM, QUICKLY!
BATTLE FORMATION! BATTERING RAM TO CRACK FORCE FIELD... ATTACK! SARKU COMMANDS IT!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT...
THERE. AUDIO CONTROL GEAR FIXED. RISE, ROBOT, RISE NOW!
(CLICK!) RISE NOW. (CLICK!)
HEAR ME, ROBOT – DESTROY FORCE MACHINE! HEAT RAYS! GO QUICKLY!
(CLICK!) DESTROY FORCE MACHINE – HEAT RAYS! (CLICK!)
SWIFTLY THE ALMOST HUMAN FIGURE LUNGES, AND...
THE POWERFUL FORCE MACHINE IS SOON A MASS OF SPLATTERING, MOLTEN METAL...
SARKU'S FLEET – COMING IN.
AS ABOVE...
WHAT? WE SHOULD HAVE CRASHED BY NOW – BUT WE'RE CLEAR! STAND BY, MEN – WE'RE GOING IN!
SOON...
GREETINGS, SARKU. I'M SORRY I HAD TO RESORT TO TRICKERY.
RUSE IS A LEGITIMATE PART OF WARFARE, MYSTA, EVEN WHEN PLAYED ON A BULL – HEADED COLONEL LIKE MYSELF. TORG HAS BEEN TAKEN.
LATER...
TORG HAD IMPORTED THE GIRLS IN TO KEEP THE GARRISON MEN DRUGGED. BUT WHY DO YOU ASK ME IF I THOUGHT THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL?
OH, NO REASON, BRON – NO REASON AT ALL. SARKU IS TAKING THEM BACK TO KALENDOS.

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